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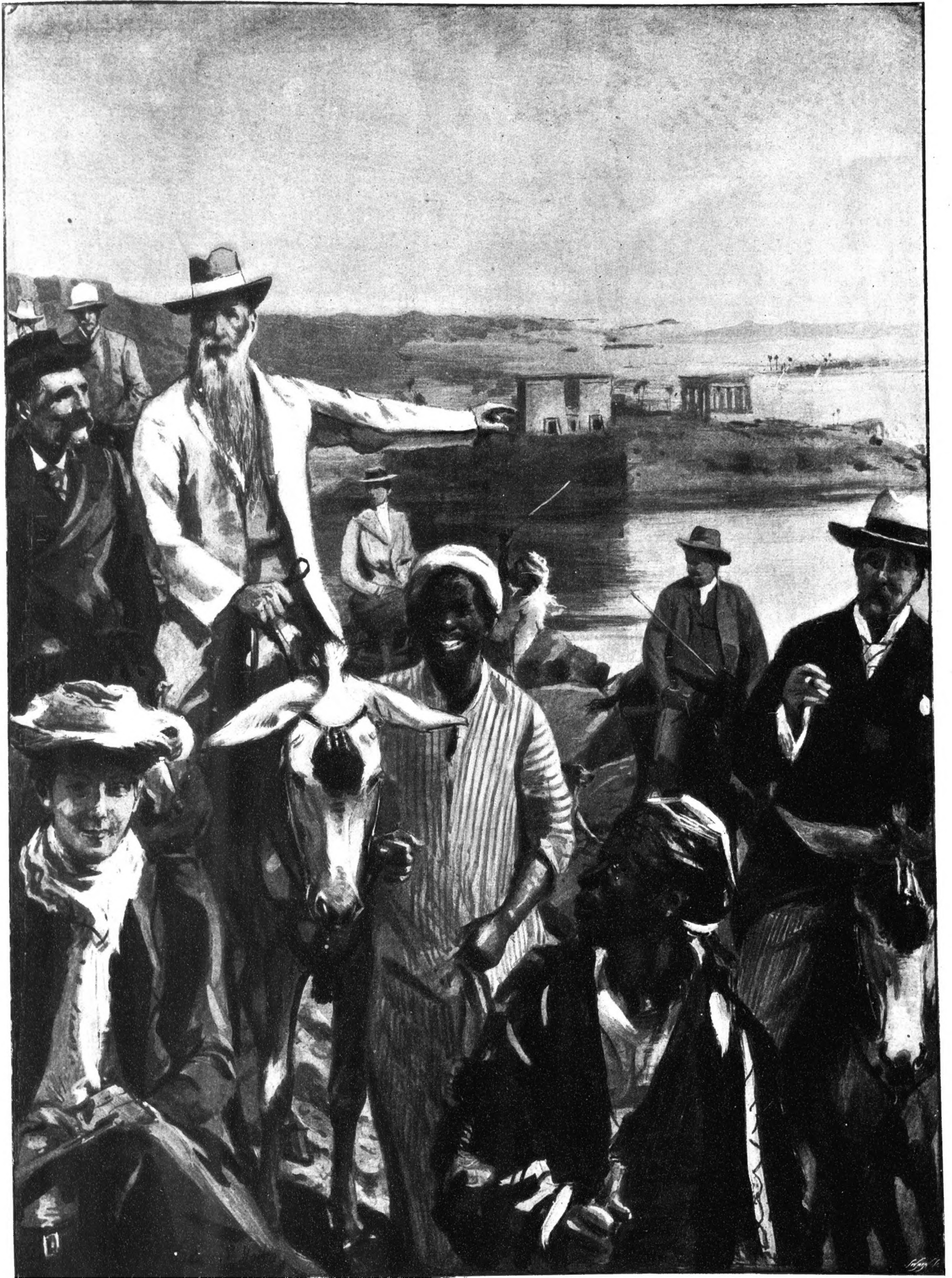
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Mr. John Aird, M.P., the head of the firm which has undertaken the great work of damming the Nile at Assuan, is personally superintending the operations. He and his party recently made a tour round the works and the neighbourhood on donkeys

THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE: A VISIT OF INSPECTION TO THE WORKS



## Topics of the Week

The  
Situation  
in  
France

SOME years ago, when the political situation in France was more than usually gloomy, the late Lord Derby wrote a letter of exhortation to Henry Reeve—who, he said, was “a hopeless pessimist as to French affairs”—in which he declared his conviction that “a nation may go on muddling its affairs a long while without mortal harm.” There is no little justification for this view in the solution we have just witnessed of one of the most serious crises in the history of the Third Republic. The death of President Faure was unquestionably an event full of the gravest possibilities. M. Faure was not a statesman of God-given genius, but he was at any rate a tried Republican, and in his hands the Presidency was safe. His sudden death, in the midst of the sinister agitation which has grown up around the Dreyfus case, placed for a moment the Presidency, and with it the last bulwark of the Republic, in grave peril. It found the Republican parties divided not only by their extreme wings, but also within their normal sections, while a compact party of Royalists, Clericals, and disaffected soldiers stood ready to profit by the complicated schism. One by one the great safeguards of the régime had been attacked and discredited. The authority of Parliament had been undermined, the judicial system had been attacked, the Army had been dragged into the demoralising atmosphere of the political arena, all to the advantage of the apostles of Reaction, who preached from day to day that the end of the Republic was at hand. Thus the sudden death of President Faure seemed to place the Chief Magistracy of the land at the disposal of the plotters, and there can be little doubt that had the Republicans and Radicals continued their feuds for another forty-eight hours, a Prince-President, like the Third Napoleon, or a nominee of the Royalists, like the late Marshal MacMahon, would have been acclaimed by the votes of the Versailles Congress. The danger has been averted, simply because in this supreme crisis the great bulk of the Republicans of all shades understood that the moment had arrived when non-essentials should cease to divide, and when all should unite on the great issue of the defence of the existing régime. Socialists, Radicals and Moderates joined hands to save the democracy from a revolution which, besides being undesirable in itself, would have been opposed to the fundamental political affinities of the overwhelming majority of the nation. The solution was assisted by the discovery of a Man—not a flamboyant dictator, but that rarer species of French politician, a quiet, unobtrusive patriot who had kept aloof from all the circulating controversies and scandals while rendering solid service to the Republic, of which he was known to be one of the most faithful sons. This was M. Loubet, scarcely known the other day outside the circle of practical politicians, but who to-day is hailed throughout France as the saviour of the Republic. This evidence of the recuperative faculty of the Republic is as gratifying as it is interesting. It is a blow from which Reaction will not easily recover. M. Loubet may disappoint the expectations of the public, but it is now clear that even in that event the form of Government would not be long in danger. The great lesson of the past week, in short, is that Parliament may, as Lord Derby opined, go on muddling the affairs of the nation a long while, but that within its walls is an overwhelming majority of Republicans who are resolved to shield it from “mortal harm.” And there is no reason to doubt that this majority is a fair presentment of the prevailing views of the nation, for it is to be remembered that the Chamber is less than a year old, and that it was elected under conditions which have not served to render its mandate in any degree invalid. The pronouncement of this majority, moreover, is an encouragement to the new President to take strong measures for allaying the present agitation in France. It is not difficult to recognise a decided response to this encouragement in M. Loubet's inaugural Message.

The British usurer will not feel much love for Lord James of Hereford. There must have been fine gnashing of teeth among the philanthropists who lend money at 100 per cent. when they read his lucid summary of the Bill for the restraint of their enormities. But to the public at large it appears a most excellent measure. Framed on very cautious lines, its central aim is to enforce honesty of dealing both on lenders and borrowers. There is nothing in it to prevent those who can give security from obtaining loans; on the contrary, the measure seems calculated to facilitate business of that sort, as moneylenders will have to mainly depend upon it for their profits. Unless they are more reckless than they usually appear to be, they will hardly care, we should imagine, to provoke judicial interference by extortionate charges. Up to ten per cent. interest they are allowed a free hand, but any higher rate entitles the debtor to invoke legal redress. But the most valuable provision of the Bill is that compelling every moneylender to transact business in his own name; he must not have even one business alias. Nor will it be permissible for him to pose as a benevolent organisation under some specious title; that common deception must be abandoned once for all. It only needs to forbid the extortioner from styling his shop “a bank” to draw the last of the more dangerous teeth with which he has been wont to tear his unhappy victims.

## The Late Sir George Bowen

By the death on Tuesday of Sir George Bowen, after two days' illness, the country has lost one of its most distinguished Colonial Governors. The Right Hon. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., was the eldest son of the late Rev. Edward Bowen, and was born in 1821. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he obtained a Scholarship in 1840, and graduated B.A.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE BOWEN, G.C.M.G.

as First Class in Classics in 1844, together with Dean Bradley. While at Oxford he was twice President of the Union. After taking his degree he was elected to a Fellowship at Brasenose. In 1847 he was appointed President of the University of Corfu, and in 1854 became Chief Secretary of the Government of the Ionian Islands, and was associated with Mr. Gladstone in the latter's Commission to inquire into the constitution of the islands. In recognition of his services on that occasion he was made K.C.M.G. In 1859 Sir George was appointed the first Governor of the new Colony of Queensland, where he rendered invaluable services. He was made G.C.M.G. in 1860. In 1868 he was chosen to succeed Sir George Grey as Governor of New Zealand, where he had to begin with the task of reconciling the natives to British rule. His next sphere of labour was Victoria, of which he was appointed Governor in 1873. When his term of office there expired he was sent out as Governor to Mauritius, and on leaving that berth in 1883 went to Hong Kong. He retired in 1887 from active service, but in 1888 he was appointed Royal Commissioner at Malta to make arrangements for granting the island a constitution.—Our portrait is by Bradley and Rulofson, San Francisco.

## The N.W. Lanarkshire Election

THE election in North-West Lanarkshire to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. J. G. Holburn, the Liberal member, resulted in the retention of the seat by that party, after a tough contest, Dr. Charles Douglas polling 5,723 votes against 5,364 given his Conservative opponent, Mr. G. A. Whitelaw.



DR. C. M. DOUGLAS  
New M.P. for Lanarkshire, N.W.

Dr. Charles Mackinnon Douglas, M.A., D.Sc., who is a relative of Principal Douglas, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, was formerly Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, and on the death of Professor Calderwood last year he was a candidate for the Moral Philosophy Chair, when he was defeated by one vote by Dr. James Seth, the present Professor.—Our portrait is by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

## The Muscat Affair

THE question of a coaling station on the coast of Muscat seems to be practically settled. The French succeeded in inducing the Sultan of Oman to cede to them for a year the harbour of Bandar Jissa, five miles from Muscat. Colonel Meade, British Political



Resident in the Persian Gulf, protested. Eventually an ultimatum, in which we threatened to bombard Muscat, was presented to the Sultan, and he wisely submitted. Muscat is the capital of Oman. Since 1300 we have had the right to maintain a Resident at the Sultan's Court at Muscat. Since 1873 we have paid a subsidy to the Sultan, and he entered into a bargain not to alienate any of his territory to any other foreign Power.

## The Week in Parliament

BY H. W. LUCY

THE debate on the Address came to a close on Tuesday night, just completing the round of a Parliamentary fortnight. It is a prodigious long time, and through far stretches the proceedings were insufferably dull. But private members must have their turn some time, and, cut off from other avenues, they throng the approaches to the Address, and make the most of generous opportunity. That conceded, it must further be admitted that the long debate was provocative of some interesting episodes. For one thing it authoritatively marked the severance for political purposes of the alliance between the Irish Nationalists and the Liberal Party. Mr. John Redmond's motion demanding legislative independence for Ireland was avowedly designed to put the new Leader of the Opposition in a tight place. Either he must finally abandon Home Rule as a plank in the Liberal platform, and so break with the Irish voter in British constituencies, or he must admit that the Liberal Party is still chained to the chariot of the Irish Home Ruler, and so embarrass ninety-nine out of every hundred of his followers.

On the whole the performance lacked vitality. To begin with it is not new, and Mr. John Redmond's meretricious style of delivery does not, by repetition of effort, strengthen its hold on the mind. Unfortunately for him it happened that his turn came in the second dinner hour. Had the season been more convenient the Conservative gentry, up to whom he plays, would have encouraged him by their presence. But the struggle for supremacy between the dinner bell and the voice of Mr. Redmond is hopelessly unequal. He was left to the chill company of almost empty benches, the loyal vociferous cheering of his two or three followers not sufficing to make amends for the desertion of friendly natures opposite. As for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman he dealt lightly but firmly with the matter. Contemptuously questioning Mr. Redmond's right to catechise him, he answered that the Liberal party stand towards Home Rule as they did before. But, he averred, Liberals are practical men, and the demand that Home Rule shall be the first subject dealt with by them when they return to power is impracticable. Still faithful to Home Rule, they will take their own time and adopt their own way of establishing it. In the division which followed Mr. Redmond, though supported by some Radicals instinctively turning against their nominal Leader, mustered only forty-three votes, little more than half of the nominal roll of Irish Nationalist members. This is a significant public rebuff of fractious ambition.

Ireland was a long time coming to the front in the debate on the Address. Having obtained a footing it held it. The Home Rule question disposed of in one sitting, the greater part of two successive nights was appropriated for speechmaking in the West of Ireland. This was the member for East Mayo's opportunity for showing that, not Short Redmond but Codlin Dillon is the friend of Ireland. Just as Mr. Dillon had stood aside from taking part in the debate raised by Mr. Redmond, so the Leader of the infinitesimal Parnell faction strode out of the House when the rival Leader came to the front. As for Mr. Tim Healy he would have nothing to do with the projects of either, letting himself go on a side issue raised by Mr. Field denouncing Irish management of Irish railway traffic.

The debate on distress in the West of Ireland was the turning point of a little controversy that agitated the House for many days. At the beginning of the second week of the debate on the Address, Mr. Balfour spoke ominously of the length to which it had gone, and hinted at the Closure. At this stage it was understood that, certainly on Friday in last week if not before, the Closure would be moved in order to clear the way for the business of the Session to be begun on Monday. Suddenly Ministerial anxiety in that direction cooled. On Thursday the Leader of the House, in reply to a question, intimated that he would not insist on the debate closing on the next day. The Opposition, pricking up their ears, thought they discovered the reason for this new departure. Thursday in this week had been secured at the ballot for a motion moved and supported by the Radical wing of the Opposition, commending the presence of Bishops in the House of Lords. The business of Wednesday, also in the hands of private members, raised the fringe of the old age pension controversy. Neither of these subjects was welcome to Ministers. If by sacrificing Monday, and letting things slide, the debate on the Address could move over Tuesday and Wednesday, these two questions would be shelved.

The cards being thus thrown on the table a pretty game was played. On Friday night, just when the debate on distress in the West of Ireland was reaching placid conclusion, Mr. Balfour jumped up and delivered a rattling attack on the Irish members, which inevitably led to prolongation of the debate far into Monday night. At the close of the sitting Mr. Balfour gave notice of a motion allotting precedence to Government business on Tuesday and Wednesday. That was going a step further than had hitherto been planned. After all there was no objection of keeping the debate going over Wednesday if it were carried entirely to the Address. On Tuesday night the Liberal members showed their hand by inducing several of their followers to propose amendments on the paper to forego the pleasure of moving the Address. The debate might, as indeed it did, lapse before the dinner hour of Tuesday, and then Mr. Herbert Lewis would come on with his motion about the Bishops. If any Government business might be brought on in precedence to private members' arrangements that danger was averted.

In this brisk little game, watched with keen interest in the House where its movements are naturally better understood than in the doors, the Opposition had the trump card. Questioned on moving about the course of business Mr. Balfour stated that Government business could not be reached till Thursday. Of this public warning taking Sir Henry Fowler reminded him, and Mr. Balfour with a promptness of action, and a graciousness of manner that disarmed criticism, at once withdrew his proposition. So the Bishops were duly trotted out on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday the Cottages' Bill was dealt with, no one, not even the Bishops, being a penny the worse, and possibly no one, not even the cottagers, being a penny the better.



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| 4.38 Marvellous Unicyclist    | 10.35 Aana v. Bear          |
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To any other part of the World . . . . .			

## The Death of M. Faure

THE news of President Faure's death was wholly unexpected. On the morning of his death he rose as usual at six o'clock. He gave orders through his valet that his horse should not be saddled, as he did not intend to ride out that morning as was his usual custom. M. Le Gall, Chief of the Presidential Cabinet, came to him as soon as he heard of the order, for it had been known that the President had been suffering from a heart affection. On several occasions he had remarked to his friends that his legs were weak and that he did not feel strong. In answer to the inquiries of M. Le Gall M. Faure observed, "I do not feel any worse, but, nevertheless, I prefer to abstain from the fatiguing exercise of riding." The Cabinet Council met at nine o'clock. M. Faure presided. There was nothing unusual in his manner, and when the Ministers took leave of him none suspected that they were shaking hands with the President for the last time. After lunch M. Faure spent the afternoon at work in his study, but shortly after six M. Faure went to the door and called M. Le Gall, saying, "I am not well; come to me." M. Le Gall rushed forward and led the President, who was still standing, to a couch. He summoned General Bailloud and Dr. Humbert, who happened to be in the Elysée at the time on a visit to his relative, Major Humbert. M. Faure's condition at first did not appear extremely grave, but as Dr. Humbert saw that he was growing momentarily worse, Dr. Lannelongue and Dr. Cheurlot were summoned by telephone. These were later joined by Dr. Bergeroy, and all the medical men assembled soon saw that M. Faure's condition was extremely serious, although he still maintained full consciousness.

Towards eight o'clock the doctors informed Mme. Faure, Mlle. Lucie Faure, and Mme. Berge, a married daughter of M. Faure, and her husband of the President's desperate condition. They all entered the room where the President was still lying on the sofa, which had been transformed into a temporary bed. About a quarter-past eight there seemed to be a slight amelioration of the President's condition, but it was only a momentary improvement. M. Félix Faure, recognising his wife and daughters, said to them: "It is finished; I feel well that it is finished. I ask pardon of those whom I ever offended." M. Faure began soon after to lose consciousness, and breathed his last at ten o'clock exactly.

Throughout the next day the street in front of the Elysée, which was closed to traffic, was filled with carriages bringing Ambassadors, Deputies, and Senators to sign the visitors' book. Telegrams of condolence and regret were received from all parts of the world, among them being those from Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the German Emperor, and the Tsar. Next day the Chamber and the Senate met, and after the sad news had been officially announced adjourned as a mark of respect.

The remains of the late President were embalmed, and the body, clad in an evening dress suit, with white waistcoat, over which was displayed the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, was laid on a white mattress in the President's study. Only members of the Government, the Diplomatic Body and the principal State officials were allowed to view the body on Friday. The public were admitted on Saturday, when thousands thronged to take a last view of the President. On Monday morning the body was placed in a coffin, in readiness for the State funeral on Thursday, when it was taken in procession through the streets from the Elysée to Notre Dame, and after the Mass to Père Lachaise.

## ELECTING THE NEW PRESIDENT

On Saturday the election of a new President took place at Versailles, by a joint Congress of the Senators and Deputies. The Gare St. Lazare was filled with excited groups of Senators, Deputies and journalists. The whole route of the railway to Versailles was closely guarded by troops to prevent any accident to the Parliamentary train. At Versailles, after a hasty lunch, the legislators proceeded into the Palace. There they assembled in the Galerie des Tombeaux. All the galleries were crowded with spectators. The entrance of M. Loubet, who as President of the Senate was to take the chair, was the signal for a mingled demonstration, the Right shouting "Vive la Patrie!" and the Left responding with "Vive la République!" As soon as silence had been restored, M. Loubet read the decree calling the Congress together. Thirty-six tellers were appointed and the voting began. Each Deputy or Senator was called to the Tribune and deposited his vote in the urn. Among the first to vote was M. Déroulède, who, when he mounted the Tribune, addressed M. Loubet, calling him a "Panamist." As he insisted on making a speech and refused to leave the Tribune, he had to be forcibly removed. M. Drumont also tried to address the Congress, but his voice was drowned in tumult.

The voting over, the contents of the urns were borne off to be counted, and M. Loubet ceded the Presidential chair to the Vice-President of the Senate, M. Chauveau. Twenty minutes later the result was proclaimed:—483 for M. Loubet, 279 for Méline. Some fifty or so votes were given to other candidates. M. Loubet, having easily obtained the necessary number of votes—a candidate to succeed must poll one more vote than half the number of voters present—was duly proclaimed President.

## M. LOUBET IN PARIS

M. Loubet's return to Paris was the occasion of a most remarkable demonstration. He took the train at the Gare St. Lazare, and hardly had his carriage left the Palace for the station than he was saluted by the immense crowd which had gathered with cries of





THE LATE M. FELIX FAURE, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street



M. FELIX FAURE IN HIS PRIVATE STUDY AT THE ELYSÉE

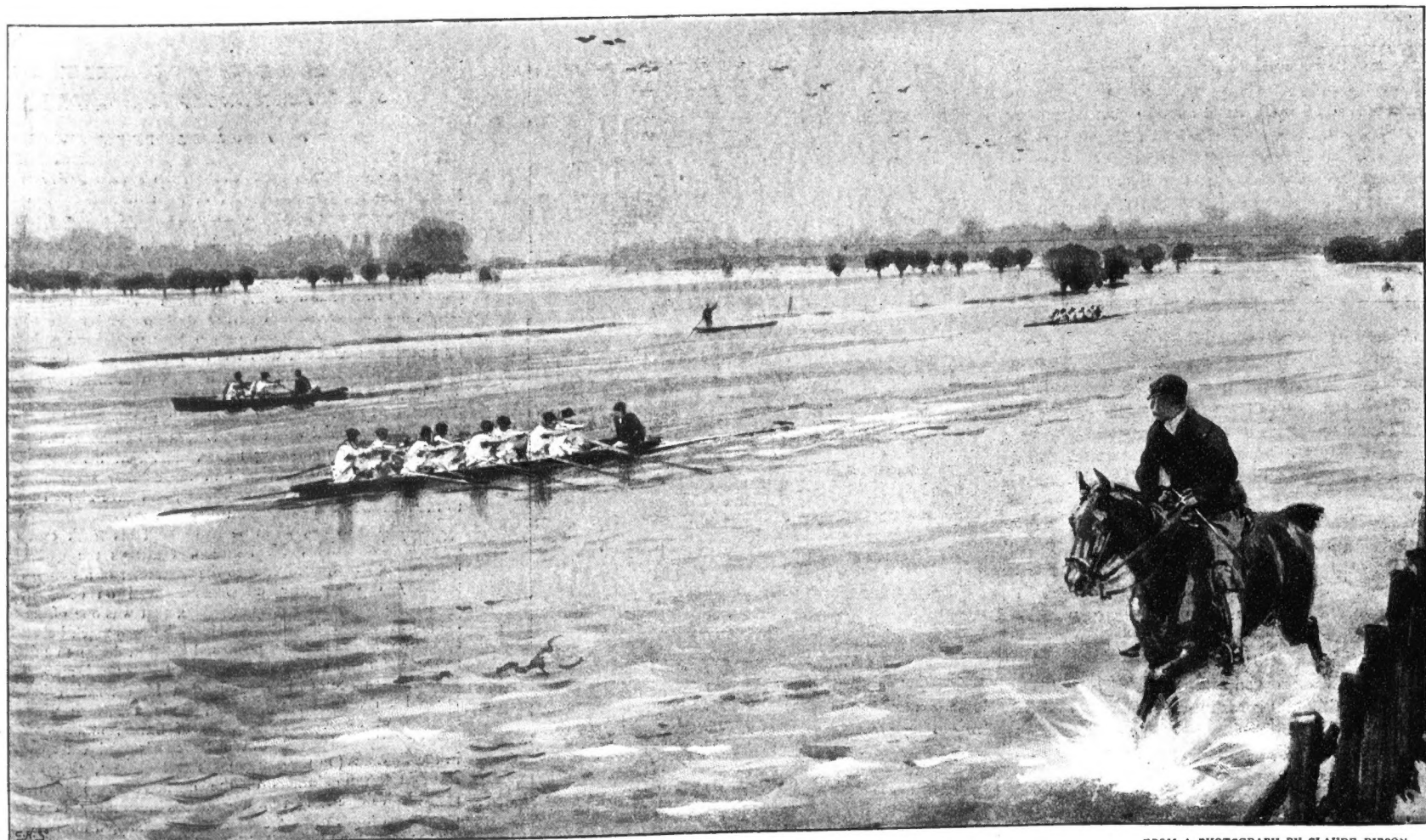
THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street





M. EMILE LOUBET, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC  
From a Photograph by Pirou, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris



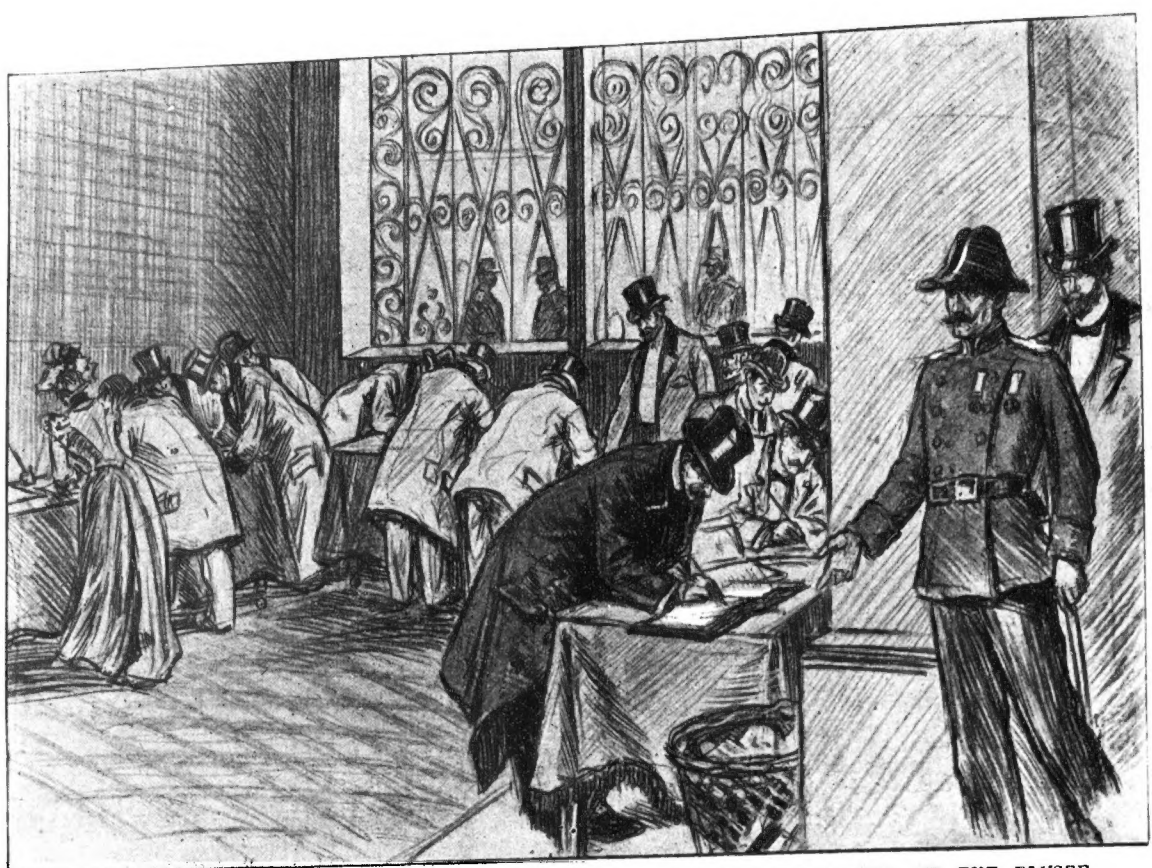
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDE RIPON

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

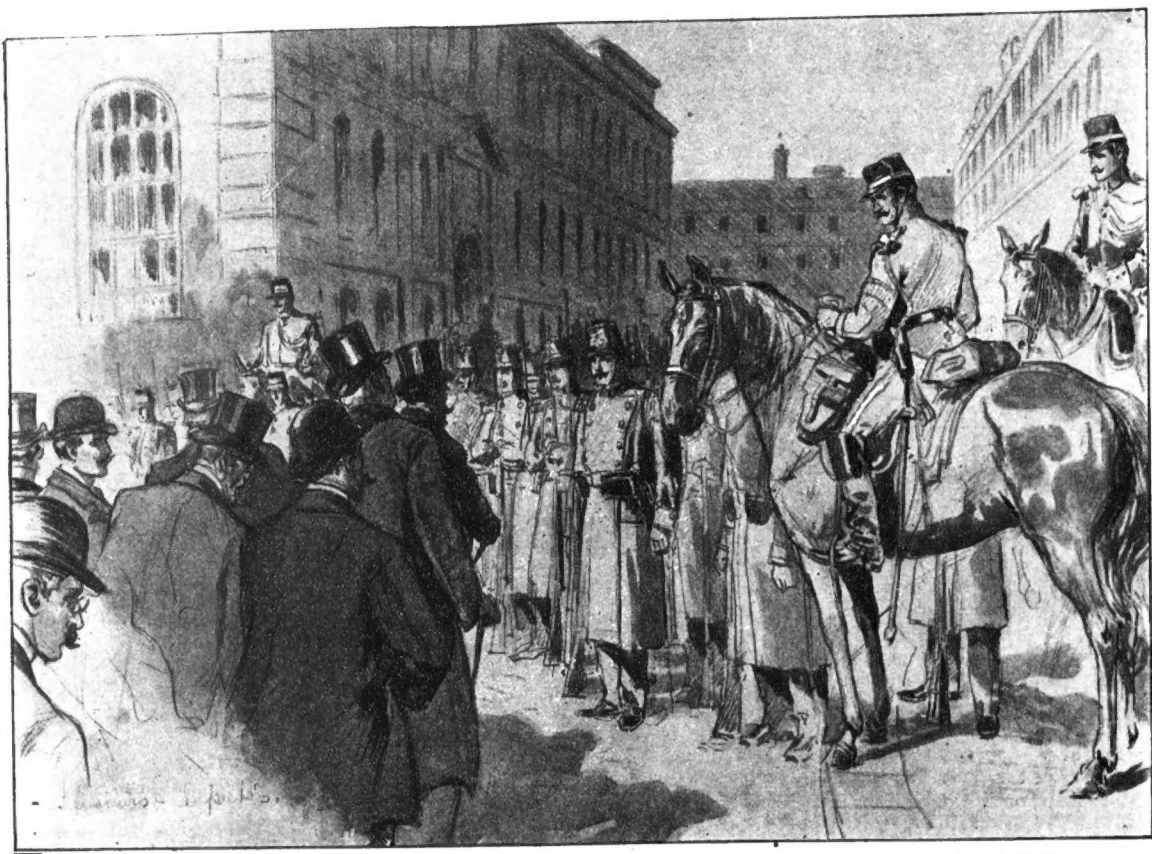
At Oxford the floods are out all over the towing-path between Oxford and Abingdon, but notwithstanding these difficulties Mr. MacLean manages to give the crew a daily spin

TRAINING THE OXFORD EIGHT: COACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

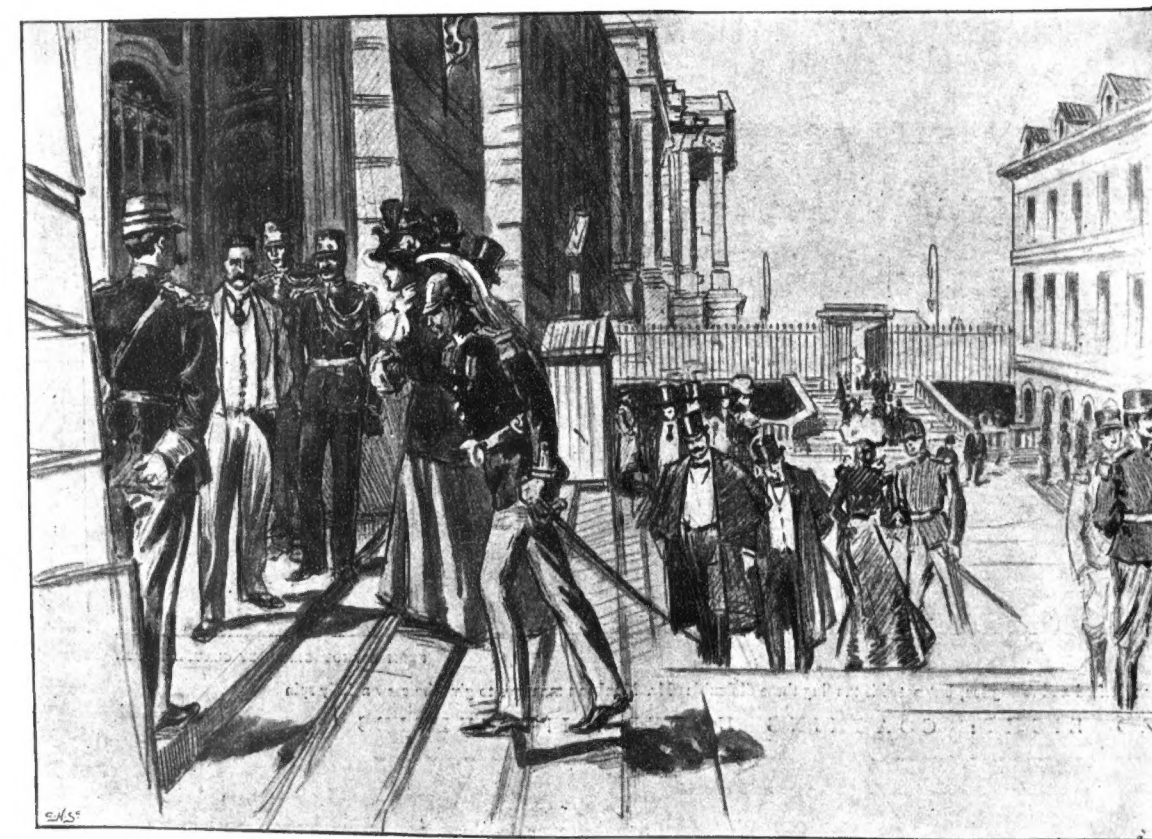




THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE: SYMPATHISERS SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOKS AT THE ELYSEE



THE ELECTION OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESS ARRIVING AT VERSAILLES



THE ELECTION OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: EARLY ARRIVALS AT VERSAILLES

"Down with Dreyfus!" and "Panama!" mingled with shouting and hissing. The carriage at one point came to a standstill owing to the crowd, and the hostile cries were redoubled. At last a similar reception was accorded him. As the day drew on, the crowds in the streets grew more and more difficult to manage. An attack was made on a newspaper office, and the police seemed powerless to cope with the crowd, but the Republican Guard, both on horse and foot, were called out, and order was at length restored. On Tuesday M. Loubet delivered his Presidential Message. In it he expressed himself as "personally attached to the principles of the French Revolution and the régime of Liberty."

M. FAURE'S POLITICAL CAREER

In one of his many chats with M. Hugues Le Roux, the late President Faure one day said: "The Republic has had at its head several lawyers, a soldier, and a man of science. For me, for the first time, it has a man of business." This observation strikes the keynote of his life. Francis Félix Faure was born on the last day of January, 1841, the son of a humble but respectable member of the upholstery trade. His father became fairly prosperous, and gave the son a good commercial education, which was completed by a short stay in England. He was then apprenticed to a tanner at Amboise, and for some years, after the expiry of his indentures, wore the leather apron of a hard-working journeyman tanner. Having thoroughly mastered his trade, he turned to its mercantile branch and entered a leather merchant's office at Havre. Here his native intelligence and energy obtained full scope, and he soon found a moneyed partner who enabled him to establish an independent firm. Towards the end of the sixties he became Deputy-Mayor of Havre. During the war of 1870 he displayed so much energy in organising the military resources of the city and port that on the restoration of peace he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. In 1874 his steadfast Republicanism brought down upon him the hostility of the Reactionary party in power, and he was dismissed from the Mairie by the Duc de Broglie. This unexpected martyrdom threw him into the political *mélée*, and he became a candidate for parliamentary honours. At first he was not successful, but in 1881 the third division of Havre elected him its deputy by a large majority. Gambetta smiled upon him, and made him Under-Secretary for Commerce and the Colonies in the "Grand Ministère." In the Ferry Ministry of 1883 he was Under-Secretary for the Marine and the Colonies, and he was appointed to the same post in 1888. In 1893 he became Vice-President of the Chamber, and in the following year he succeeded Admiral Lefevre as Minister of Marine. In January, 1895, when M. Casimir-Perier suddenly resigned the Presidency of the Republic, M. Faure became a candidate for the high office. During the three years he spent at the Elysée he proved as tactful as he was hard-working, indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, a dignified figure in all State functions, and genial and kindly under all circumstances. His Presidency was distracted by the terrible Dreyfus affair, in which, it is said, he took up a strong stand against the Revisionists. Of this, however, there is no evidence, and the fact that Revision was actually set in motion by one of his own Cabinets would seem to challenge the accuracy of the accusation. The political events with which as President he was most conspicuously associated were the visit of the Tsar to Paris and his own return visit to the Tsar in St. Petersburg. The latter journey was especially memorable for the exchange of toasts which took place on board the *Pothuau* when the fact that an alliance existed between France and Russia was for the first time publicly avowed.

SOME PERSONAL FEMINISCES

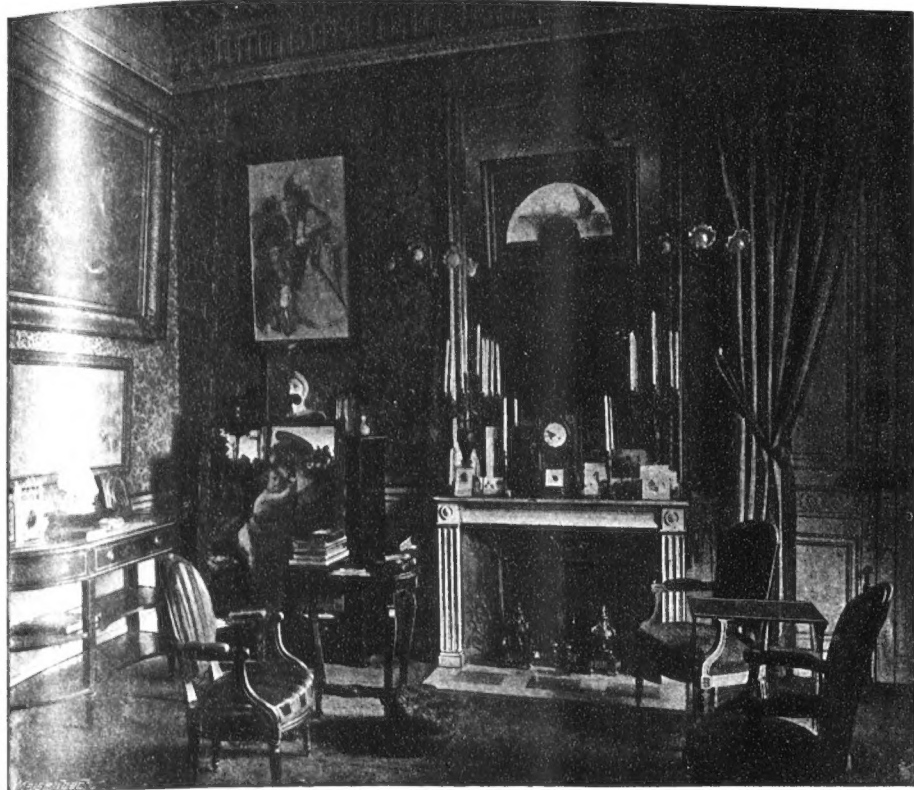
By PAUL BLUYSEN

Shooting and riding were the principal distractions of M. Faure. He had devoted much attention to the improvement of his estates at Rambouillet and at Marly, whither he retired as often as possible, sometimes two or three times in the week, and here he never failed to invite the persons of distinction who called on him on their way through Paris. These shooting parties were somewhat solemn affairs. Ten tracks were made through the grounds, the President taking the middle one and giving those on either side to his most distinguished guests. Each person kept to his own part, followed by a couple of keepers, who changed the guns and picked up the birds which fell from the flocks of pheasants raised by the beaters. The bag was always four or five hundred brace amongst ten guns, the greatest number falling invariably to the President's gun. To him this ceremonial was a serious matter, but, after all, he preferred undoubtedly to go shooting further afield, at his son-in-law's, M. Berge's, place, or with friends in the country surrounding Havre, when he dispensed with all ceremony, and gave himself up entirely to the pleasures and excitement of the chase.

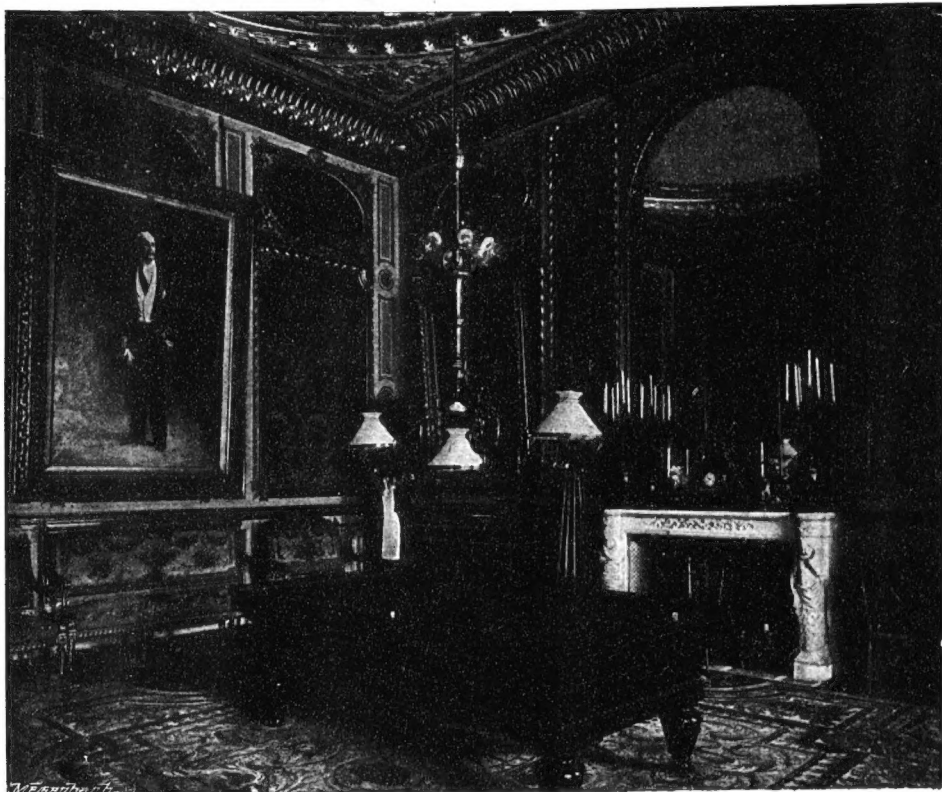
At the Elysée, too, when he had doffed his frock coat and laid aside his decorations, M. Faure was always the genial host or merry companion, according to the character of his guests. It was precisely this sprightly disposition, jovial on occasion, with a tendency towards solemnity in public, that was one of the causes of his political good fortune. At Havre he was much beloved on this account. He had always possessed the firm desire to raise himself above his fellows without, however, losing touch upon them. At Havre his place of business held a high position in the town. He did an immense trade, and made a fortune which may be assessed at about three millions of francs, millions which were subsequently well invested in other commercial enterprises, partly in the Colonies (on the Congo). The President, therefore, ranked amongst the notabilities of the department. He entertained a great deal, dispensing a most generous hospitality in a small villa on the sea front, which he afterwards exchanged for a larger house. At the same time he availed himself of every opportunity to win the political esteem of his townsmen. He was president of charitable societies, of benefit societies, of shooting, rowing, and sailing clubs, and, as is the custom in the provinces, on holidays he paraded the streets of the town, marching proudly at the head of the members of one or other of his societies, with their flag unfurled before him. It is thus in France that popularity is acquired, and Félix Faure, in his adopted town—for he was born in Paris—won popularity by these simple methods.

On the other hand, the late President showed in another manner a praiseworthy anxiety to raise himself. He sought to improve his





MADemoisELLE LUCIE FAURE'S BOUDOIR AT THE ELYSÉE



THE LATE PRESIDENT'S BILLIARD ROOM IN THE ELYSÉE

mind by travel, according to the English custom. He travelled all over the Levant, he even went as far as Persia, and I have frequently met him in Italy. He generally made these excursions accompanied by his devoted daughter, Mademoiselle Lucie Faure, who is possessed of pronounced artistic and literary tastes. They would wander off together, choosing at random whatever route their fancy dictated, dressed as tourists, M. Faure with his fine figure and his manly and ruddy face, and Mademoiselle Lucie Faure the picture of a beautiful woman, with her well-set shoulders and expressive face. When they reached home again Mademoiselle Lucie Faure sometimes had printed, for circulation amongst her intimate friends, an account of these excursions, and the house in the Rue de Madrid, where they then lived during the winter, was gradually filled with judiciously chosen souvenirs.

At the Elysée these intimate qualities of M. Faure were less in evidence on account of the resolution he had made to give the Presidency a certain decorative aspect. To accomplish this he spared neither money, time, nor pains. In this regard he showed an extraordinary energy, greater even than was expected of him. He had kept up his habit of rising very early. Regularly at six o'clock every morning the blinds of a window in the Elysée, near the English Embassy, might be seen to go up. This was the window of the President's bedroom, a small apartment furnished with a bed and two chairs. As soon as he got up he had his bath and dressed, proceeded at once to his study, and commenced the day's work with one of his secretaries, whose post was anything but a sinecure. At eight o'clock, coming in his riding costume, M. Faure entered his carriage and drove to the Rond Point in the Bois de Boulogne, where his huntsman, Roujarret, and a groom were waiting for him with his favourite mare. He would then ride through the Bois sitting well in the saddle, accompanied by an orderly officer. At half-past nine he was back at the Elysée and immersed in his Presidential work. Not a moment was unoccupied. He laid foundation stones, visited the hospitals, presided at the Ministerial Councils, gave audience, took the chair at banquets, changing from frock coat to evening dress, and always particular about his person, which was well preserved and of dignified presence. He had little time to devote to his family,

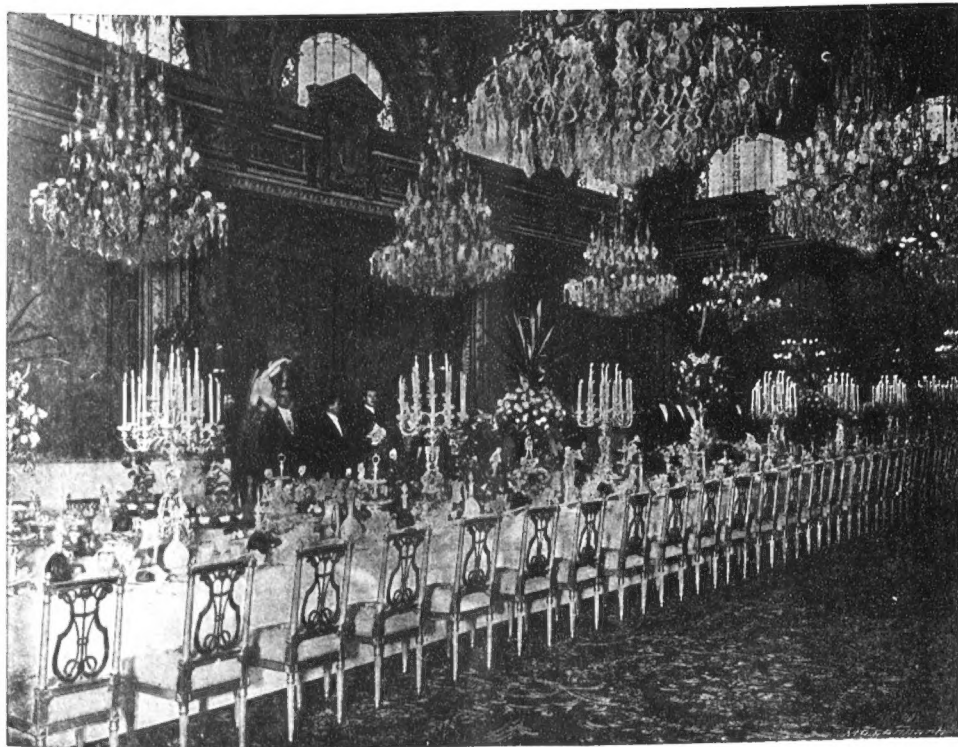
yet he had not lost his taste for domestic life, and his happiest moments were those which he spent with his wife, his daughters, or his grandson, Jacques Berge, whom he used to take out for a walk in the gardens of the Elysée. At this time he was "the Félix Faure of Havre," then the necessities of his position claimed him once more, and he was off to visit his club or a charity, or, perhaps, on one of his long journeys through France. These last, overworked as he was, were very fatiguing for him.

It was in leading this life that M. Félix Faure broke down, though his health had originally been excellent. He had had several attacks of gout, which he had carefully concealed from everyone, going and coming without attempting to modify his manner of life. He died literally in harness, but with the satisfaction, perhaps exaggerated by him, of having represented his country with dignity and majesty.—Our illustrations of the Elysée are from photographs by M. Gervais-Courtellemont.

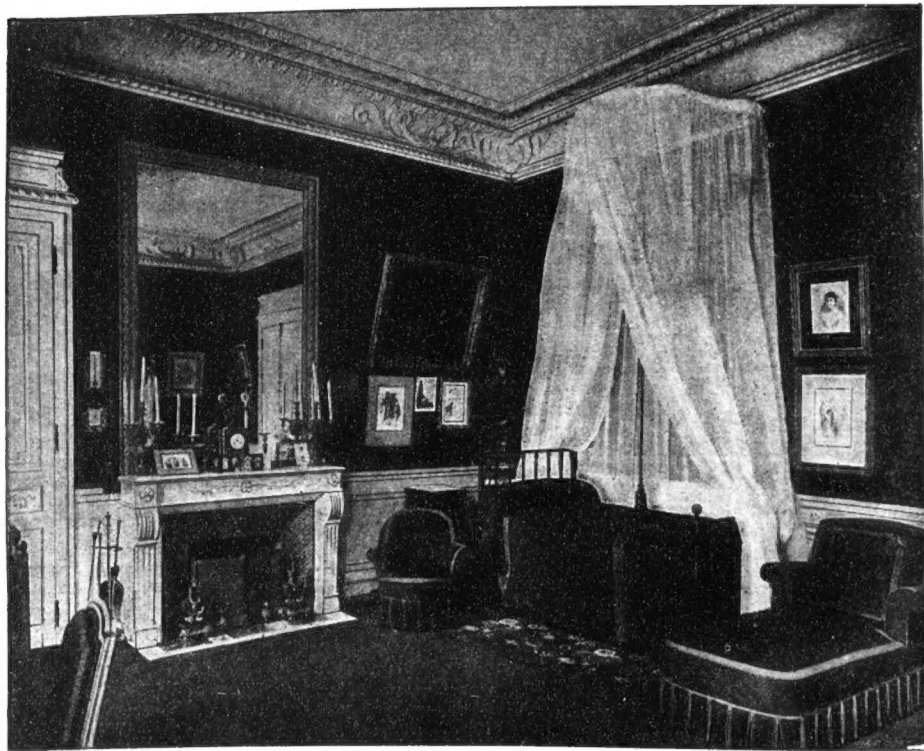
### The New French President

"THE man who can wish to be President of the Republic," wrote M. Cornély the other day, "must be either a coxcomb, a fool, or a hero." Not very much is known of the character of the successor of M. Félix Faure, but for this very reason he can scarcely be a coxcomb. That he is no fool is proved by the fact that he has so far managed his career very creditably, and has filled the second highest position in the State with perfect competency. Whether he has in him the stuff of a hero has yet to be proved, but if one may judge by the present chaotic state of the Republic, and the violent campaign already opened against the new President, he will not be spared the test. M. Emile Loubet was born at Marsanne, near Montelimar, on December 31, 1838. The son of a prosperous farmer, he was anxious to follow in the paternal footsteps, but the elder Loubet had been Mayor of Marsanne and had ambitions, and he resolved that his son should be a lawyer. Emile studied with diligence and success, became a doctor of laws, and settled at Montelimar as a barrister. He rapidly won a good position for himself,

was elected Mayor of the town in 1870, and a few years later a member and afterwards President of the Council General of the Drome. In 1876 he offered himself as a Parliamentary candidate and was elected. At first he took his seat with the Left, but later on he joined the Republican majority as a supporter of M. Dupuy. In the Chamber he was a frequent speaker and an active worker. He supported the Gambetta and Ferry Cabinets, opposed the separation of Church and State, defended the Tunis and Tonkin Expeditions, and officially distinguished himself in the Budget debates and the promotion of Colonial enterprises. In 1885 M. Loubet was elected Senator for the Drome, and two years later became Secretary of the Upper House. His first experience of Cabinet rank was towards the end of the same year, when he was invited by M. Tirard to undertake the portfolio of Public Works. He declined the same portfolio in the succeeding Ministry of M. Floquet, but in 1892 was himself called upon by M. Carnot to form a Cabinet in succession to M. de Freycinet. His career as Premier was marked by many stirring incidents arising out of the Carmaux strikes, the agitation of the Anarchists, and the Panama scandals. He acquitted himself, however, with firmness and tact, and left behind him the reputation of a level-headed man of affairs and a staunch Republican. Returning to the Senate, he became President of the Finance and Customs Commissions. In 1895 he delivered a speech on the Budget which was ordered to be placarded throughout France. A few months later M. Challemeil Lacour, the President of the Senate, died, and M. Loubet was elected his successor. He has filled this high post ever since, and he was only re-elected to it last month. M. Loubet is a Republican by conviction, a man of moderate views who has held aloof from all violent controversies, a hard worker in the field of statecraft, a man of culture, a good speaker, and the possessor of considerable private fortune. Tolerant, loyal, and genial, he has hitherto known only friends, and, until the other day, when M. Clémenceau publicly indicated him as the one man qualified for the Presidency of the Republic, he had no adversaries and scarcely any critics. M. Clémenceau's compliment has, however, had the effect of ranging against him all the violent opinions which the late Radical leader so easily excites, and his entrance into the Elysée has been marked by demonstrations which will require no little nerve and tact to appease.



THE BANQUETING HALL AT THE ELYSÉE



THE LATE PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM IN THE ELYSÉE



F. W. TOMLINSON (Left Half-back) C. F. RYDER (Centre Forward) F. H. HOLLINS (Ubique) W. E. BLACKBURN (Left Back) W. L. H. MOSS (Inside Right) L. WALLACE (Right Back)



S. E. OSBORNE (Centre Half-back) E. M. JAMESON (Outside Left) G. C. VASSALL (Capt.) (Outside Right) S. H. J. RUSSELL (Goal) M. MORGAN OWEN (Right Half-back) F. H. HOLLINS (Inside Left)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB: THE TEAM THAT IS TO TOUR IN AUSTRIA  
From a Photograph by Gillman and Co., Oxford



THE FRENCH RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM NOW IN ENGLAND  
From a Photograph by J. Robinson and Sons, Dublin





"Ostrog stepped across the room, something clicked, and suddenly they were in darkness, save for an oval glow. For a moment Graham was puzzled. Then he saw that the cloudy grey disc had taken depth and colour, had assumed the appearance of an oval winnow looking out upon a strange unfamiliar scene"

# WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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## CHAPTER XII.

OSTROG

BUT now Graham could take a clearer view of his position. For a long time yet he wandered before he could determine to seek this Ostrog, this leader and organiser of his awakening, but after the talk of the old man his return was clear in his mind as the final inevitable decision. One thing became clear to him, those who were at the headquarters of the revolt had succeeded very admirably in suppressing the news of his disappearance. But every moment he expected to hear the news of his death or recapture by the Council.

Presently a man stopped before him. "Have you heard?" he said. "No!" said Graham, starting. "Near a dozand," said the man, "a dozand men!" and hurried on. A number of men and a girl passed in the darkness, gesticulating excitedly and shouting, "Capitulated! Given up." "A dozand of men." "Two dozand of men." "Goodle Ostrog." "Goodle Ostrog." These cries receded, became indistinct. "Goodle!" said Graham, and recognised a familiar vulgarism of his own time. Other shouting men followed. For a time his attention was absorbed in the attempt to understand the fragments of speech he heard. He had a doubt whether all were speaking English. He

dared accost no one with questions. The impression the people gave him jarred altogether with his preconceptions of the struggle, and confirmed the old man's faith in Ostrog. It was only slowly he could bring himself to believe that all these people were rejoicing at the defeat of the Council, that the Council which had pursued him with such power and vigour was after all the weaker of the two sides in conflict. And if that were so, how did it affect him? Several times he hesitated on the verge of fundamental questions. Once he turned and walked for a long way after a little man of rotund, inviting outline, but he was unable to master enough confidence to address him. It was only slowly that it came to him that he might ask for the "wind-vane offices," whatever the "wind-vane offices" might

be. His first inquiry simply resulted in a direction to go on towards Westminster. His second led to the discovery of a short cut in which he was speedily lost. He was told to leave the ways to which he had hitherto confined himself—knowing no other means of transit—and to plunge down one of the middle staircases into the blackness of a crossway. Thereupon came some trivial adventures; chief of these an ambiguous encounter with a gruff-voiced invisible creature speaking in a strange dialect that at first seemed a strange tongue, a thick flow of speech with the drifting corpses of English words therein, the dialect of the latter-day vile. Then another voice, a girl's voice calling, drew near. She spoke English touched with something of the same quality. She professed to have lost her sister, she blundered needlessly into him, he thought, caught hold of him and laughed. But a word of vague remonstrance sent her into the unseen again.

Then abruptly the sound of voices increased. Other unseen stumbling people passed them speaking excitedly. "They have surrendered!" "The Council! Surely not the Council!" "They are saying so on the ways." The passage seemed wider. Suddenly the wall fell away. They were in a great space and people were stirring remotely. He inquired his way. "Strike straight across," said a woman's voice. He left his guiding wall, and in a moment was stumbling over a little table on which were utensils of glass. Graham's eyes, now attuned to darkness, made out a long vista of pallid tables. He went down this. At one or two of the tables he heard a clang of glass and a sound of eating. There were people cool enough to dine, or daring enough to steal a meal in spite of social convulsion and darkness. Far off and high up he presently saw a pallid light of a semicircular shape. As he approached this, a black edge came up and hid it. He stumbled at steps and found himself in a gallery. He heard a sobbing, and found two scared little girls crouching by a railing. These children became silent at the near sound of feet. He tried to console them, but they were very still until he left them.

Presently he found himself at the foot of a staircase and near a wide opening. He saw a dim twilight above this and ascended out of the blackness into a street again. He found a disorderly swarm of people marching and shouting. He perceived they were singing snatches of the song of the revolt, most of them out of tune. Here and there torches flared creating brief hysterical shadows. He asked his way and was twice puzzled by that same thick dialect. His third attempt won an answer he could understand. He was two miles from the wind-vane offices in Westminster, but the way was easy to follow.

When at last he did approach the district of the wind-vane offices it seemed to him, from the cheering procession that came marching along the ways, from the tumult of rejoicing, and finally from the restoration of the lighting of the city, that the overthrow of the Council must already be accomplished. And still no news of his absence came to his ears.

The re-illumination of the city came with startling abruptness. Suddenly he stood blinking, and all about him men halted dazzled, and the world was incandescent. The light found him already upon the outskirts of the excited crowds that choked the ways near the wind-vane offices, and the sense of visibility and exposure that came with it turned his colourless intention of joining Ostrog to a keen anxiety.

For a time he was jostled, obstructed, and endangered by men hoarse with cheering his name, weary, and some of them bandaged and bloody in his cause. The frontage of the wind-vane offices was illuminated by some moving picture, but what it was he could not see, because in spite of his strenuous attempts the density of the crowd prevented his approaching it. From the fragments of speech he caught, he judged it conveyed news of the fighting about the Council House. Ignorance and indecision made him slow and ineffective in his movements. For a time he could not conceive how he was to get within the unbroken façade of this place, drove helplessly with the currents of this mass of people, until he realised that the descending staircase of the central way led to the interior of the buildings. It was long before he could reach one. And even then he encountered intricate obstruction, and had an hour of vivid argument first with this guard and then with that before he could get a note taken to the one man of all men who was most eager to see him. His story was laughed to scorn at one place, and wiser for that, when at last he reached a second stairway he professed simply to have news of extraordinary importance for Ostrog. What it was he would not say. They sent his note reluctantly. For a long time he waited in a little room at the foot of the lift shaft, and thither at last came Lincoln, eager, apologetic, astonished. He stopped in the doorway scrutinising Graham, then rushed forward effusively.

"Yes," he cried. "It is you. And you are not dead!"

Graham made a brief explanation.

"My brother is waiting," explained Lincoln. "He is alone in the wind-vane offices. He doubted—and things are very urgent still in spite of what we are telling them *there*—or he would have come to you."

They ascended a lift, passed along a narrow passage, crossed a great hall, empty save for two hurrying messengers, and entered a comparatively little room, whose only furniture was a sort of long settee and a large oval disc of cloudy, shifting grey, hung by cables from the wall. There Lincoln left Graham for a space, and he remained alone watching without understanding the shifty smoky shapes that drove slowly across this disc.

His attention was arrested by a sound that began abruptly. It was cheering, the frantic cheering of a vast but very remote crowd, a roaring exultation. This ended as sharply as it had begun, like a sound heard between the opening and shutting of a door. In the outer room was a noise of hurrying steps and a clinking like a chain running over the teeth of a wheel.

Then he heard the voice of a woman, the rustle of unseen garments. "It is Ostrog!" he heard her say. A little bell rang fitfully, and then everything was still again.

Presently came voices, footsteps and movement without. The footsteps of some one person detached itself from the other sounds and drew near, firm, evenly measured footsteps.

The curtain lifted, and a tall, white-haired man, clad in garments of cream-coloured silk, stood regarding Graham.

For a moment the white form remained holding the curtain, then dropped it and stood before it. Graham's first impression was of a

very broad forehead, very pale blue eyes deep sunken under white brows, an aquiline nose, and a heavily lined, resolute mouth. The folds of flesh over the eyes, the drooping of the corners of the mouth contradicted the upright bearing, and said the man was old. Graham knew that this was Ostrog. He rose to his feet instinctively, and for a moment the two men stood in silence, steadfastly regarding each other.

"You are Ostrog?" said Graham.

"I am Ostrog."

"The Boss?"

"So I am called."

Graham felt the inconvenience of the silence. "I have to thank you chiefly, I understand, for my safety," he said presently.

"We were afraid you were killed," said Ostrog. "Or sent to sleep again—for ever. We have been doing everything to keep our secret—the secret of your disappearance. Where have you been? How did you get here?"

Graham told him briefly.

Ostrog listened in silence.

He smiled faintly. "Do you know what I was doing when they came to tell me you had come?"

"How can I guess?"

"We were preparing your double."

"My double?"

"A man as much like you as we could find. We were going to hypnotise him, to save him the difficulty of acting. It was imperative. The whole of this revolt depends on the idea that you are awake, alive, and with us. Even now a great multitude of people is clamouring to see you. You know, of course—something of your position."

"Very little," said Graham.

"It is like this," Ostrog walked a pace or two into the room and turned. Graham watched him. "Practically," said Ostrog, "you are absolute owner of more than half of this new world into which your sleep has brought you. As a result of that you are practically King. Your powers are limited in many intricate ways, but you are the figure-head, the popular symbol of government. This White Council, the Council of Trustees as it is called—"

"I have heard the vague outline of these things."

"I wondered."

"I came upon a garrulous old man."

"I see. Our masses—the word comes from your days—you know, of course, that we still have masses—regard you as our actual ruler. Just as a great number of people in your days regarded the Crown as the ruler. They are discontented—the masses all over the earth—with the rule of your Trustees. For the most part it is the old discontent, the old quarrel of the common man with his commonness—the misery of work and discipline and unfitness. But your Trustees have ruled ill. In certain matters, in the administration of the Labour Companies, for example, they have been unwise. They have given endless opportunities. Already we of the popular party were agitating for reforms—when your waking came. Came! If it had been contrived it could not have come more opportunely." He smiled. "The public mind, making no allowance for your years of quiescence, had already hit on the thought of waking you and appealing to you, and—Flash!"

He indicated the outbreak by a gesture, and Graham moved his head to show that he understood.

"The Council muddled—quarrelled. They always do. They could not decide what to do with you. You know how they imprisoned you?"

"I see. I see. And now—we win?"

"We win. Indeed we win. To-night, in five swift hours. Suddenly we struck everywhere. The wind-vane people, the Labour Company and its millions, burst the bonds. We got the pull of the aeroplanes."

He paused.

"Yes," said Graham, guessing that aeropile meant flying machine.

"That was, of course, essential. Or they could have got away. All the city rose, every third man almost was in it! All the blue, all the public services, save only just a few aeronauts and about half the red police. You were rescued, and their own police of the ways—not half of them could be massed at the Council House—have been broken up, disarmed or killed. All London is ours—practically now. Only the Council House remains."

"Half of those who remain to them of the red police were lost in that foolish attempt to recapture you. They flung all they had at the theatre. We cut them off there. Truly to-night has been a night of victory. Everywhere your star has blazed. A day ago—the White Council ruled as it has ruled for a gross of years, for a century and a half of years, and then with only a little whispering, a covert arming here and there, suddenly—So!"

"I am very ignorant," said Graham. "I suppose—I do not clearly understand the conditions of this fighting. If you could explain. Where is the Council? Where is the fight?"

Ostrog stepped across the room, something clicked, and suddenly they were in darkness, save for an oval glow. For a moment Graham was puzzled.

Then he saw that the cloudy grey disc had taken depth and colour, had assumed the appearance of an oval window looking out upon a strange unfamiliar scene.

At the first glance he was unable to guess what this scene might be. It was a daylight scene, the daylight of a wintry day, grey and clear. Across the picture and halfway as it seemed between him and the remoter view, a stout cable of twisted white wire stretched vertically. Then he perceived that the rows of great wind wheels he saw, the wide intervals, the occasional gulfs of darkness, were akin to those through which he had fled from the Council House. He distinguished an orderly file of red figures marching across an open space between files of men in black, and realised before Ostrog spoke that he was looking down as it were on the upper surface of latter-day London. The overnight snows had gone. He judged that this mirror was some modern replacement of the camera obscura, but that matter was not explained to him. He saw that though the file of red figures were trotting from left to right, yet they were passing out of the picture to the left. He wondered momentarily, and then saw that the picture was passing slowly panorama fashion across the oval.

"In a moment you will see the fighting," said Ostrog at his elbow. "Those fellows in red you notice are prisoners. This is the roof space of London—all the houses are practically continuous

now. The streets and public spaces are covered in. The houses and chasms of your time have disappeared."

Something out of focus obliterated half the picture, the form suggested a man. There was a gleam of metal, a flash, something that swept across the oval, as the eyelid of a bird sweeps across its eye, and the picture was clear again. And now Graham beheld men running down among the wind-wheels, pointing with their hands which jetted out little smoky flashes. They swarmed to the left and thicker to the right, gesticulating—it might be they were fighting, but of that the picture told nothing. They and the wind wheels passed slowly and steadily across the field of the mirror.

"Now," said Ostrog, "comes the Council House," and now a black edge crept into view and gathered Graham's attention. It was no longer an edge but a cavity, a huge blackened space amidst the clustering edifices, and from it thin spires of smoke rose into the pallid winter sky. Gaunt ruinous masses of buildings, mighty truncated piers and girders, rose dimly out of the gloomy darkness. And over these vestiges of some splendid place, countless minute men were clambering, leaping, swarming.

"This is the Council House," said Ostrog. "Their stronghold. And the fools wasted enough ammunition to hold it for a month in blowing up the buildings all about them, to stop our attack. You heard the smash? It shattered half the glass in the city."

And while he spoke, Graham saw that beyond the area of ruins, overhanging it and rising to a great height, was a ragged mass of white building. Apparently this mass had been created by the ruthless destruction of its surroundings. Black gaps showed the passages the disaster had torn apart; big halls had been slashed open and the decoration of their interiors showed dimly in the wintry dawn, and down the jagged walls hung festoons of divided cables and twisted ends of lines and metallic rods. And amidst all the vast details moved little red specks, the red-clothed defenders of the Council. Every now and then faint flashes illuminated the bleak shadows. At the first sight it seemed to Graham that an attack upon this isolated white building was in progress, but then he perceived that the party of the revolt was not advancing, but apparently sheltering amidst the colossal wreckage that encircled this last ragged stronghold of the red-garbed men.

And not ten hours ago he had stood beneath the ventilating fans in a little chamber within that remote building wondering what was happening in the world!

Looking more attentively at this warlike episode moved silently across the centre of the mirror, Graham saw that the white building was surrounded on every side by ruins, and Ostrog proceeded to describe in concise phrases how its defenders had sought by such destruction to isolate themselves from a storm. He spoke of the loss of men that huge downfall had entailed in an indifferent tone. He indicated an improvised mortuary among the wreckage, showed ambulances swarming like cheese mites along a ruinous groove that had once been a street of moving ways. He was more interested in pointing out the parts of the Council House, the distribution of the besiegers. In a little while the civil contest that had convulsed London was no longer a mystery to Graham. It was not tumultuous revolt had occurred that night, no equal warfare, but a splendidly organised *coup d'état*. Ostrog's grasp of details was astonishing; he seemed to know the business of even the smallest knot of black and red specks that crawled amidst these places.

He stretched a huge black arm across the luminous picture, and showed the room whence Graham had escaped, and across the chasm of ruins the course of his flight. Graham recognised the gulf across which the gutter ran, and the wind wheels where he had crouched from the flying machine. The rest of his path had succumbed to the explosion. He looked again at the Council House, and it was already half hidden, and on the right a hillside with a cluster of domes and pinnacles amidst the ubiquitous wind wheels, hazy, dim and distant, was gliding into view.

"And the Council is really overthrown?" he said.

"Overthrown," said Ostrog.

"And I—Is it indeed true that I—?"

"You are Master of the World."

"But that white flag—"

"That is the flag of the Council—the flag of the Rule of the World. It will fall. The fight is over. Their attack on the theatre was their last frantic struggle. They have only a thousand men or so, and some of these men will be disloyal. They have little ammunition. And we are reviving the ancient art. We are casting guns."

"But—help. Is this city the world?"

"Practically this is all they have left to them of the empire. Abroad the cities have either revolted with us or wait the issue. Your awakening has perplexed them, paralysed them."

"But haven't the Council flying machines? Why are there no fighting with those?"

"They had. But the greater part of the aeronauts are in it with us. They wouldn't take the risk of fighting with us, but they would not stir against us. We had to get a pull with the aeronauts. Quite half were with us, and the others knew it. Directly they knew you had got away, those that were out looking for you dropped. We hung the man who shot at you an hour ago. And we occupied the flying stages at the outset in every city we could, and so stopped and captured the aeroplanes, and as for the too flying machines that turned out—for some did—we kept up too straight and steady a fire for them to get near the Council House. If they dropped they couldn't rise again, because there's no clear space about there for them to get up. Several we have smashed, several others have dropped and surrendered, the rest are gone off to the Continent to find a friendly city if they can't take their fuel runs out. Most of these men were only too glad to be taken prisoner and kept out of harm's way. Upsetting for a flying machine isn't a very attractive prospect. There's no chance for the Council that way. Its days are done."

He laughed and turned to the oval reflection again to show Graham what he meant by flying stages. Even the far rearer ones were remote and obscured by a thin morning haze. But Graham could perceive they were very vast structures, just as even by the standard of the things about him.

And then as these dim shapes passed to the left there came again the sight of the expanse across which the disarmed men had been marching. And then the black ruins, and then the beleaguered white fastness of the Council. It appeared no longer



...but glowing amber in the sunlight, for a cloud  
...passed. About it the pigmy struggle still hung in  
...but now the red defenders were no longer firing.  
...the dusky stillness, the man from the nineteenth century  
...the scene of the great revolt, the forcible establishment  
...With a quality of startling discovery it came to him  
...his world, and not that other he had left behind; that  
...spectacle to culminate and cease; that in this world lay  
...he was still before him, lay all his duties and dangers  
...possibilities. He turned with fresh questions. Ostrog  
...answer them, and then broke off abruptly. "But these  
...explain more fully later. At present there are things  
...the people are coming by the moving ways towards this  
...every part of the city—the markets and theatres are  
...crowded. You are just in time for them. They are  
...to see you. And abroad they want to see you. Paris,  
...Chicago, Denver, Capri—thousands of cities are up and  
...undecided, and clamouring to see you."  
...—I can't go."  
...answered from the other side of the room, and the  
...the oval disc paled and vanished as the light jerked back  
...There are kineto-tele-photographs," he said. "As you  
...people here—all over the world myriads of myriads of  
...packed and still in darkened halls, will see you also. In  
...white, of course—not like this. And you will hear their  
...enforcing the shouting in the hall.  
..."There is an optical contrivance," said Ostrog, "used by some  
...of the actresses and women dancers. It may be novel to you. You  
...stand in a very bright light, and they see not you but a magnified  
...real image of you thrown on a screen—so that even the furthest  
...man in the remotest gallery can count your eyelashes."  
...Graham clutched desperately at one of the questions in his mind.  
..."What is the population of London?" he said.  
..."Eight and twaindy myriads."  
..."Eight and what?"  
..."More than thirty-three millions."  
...These figures went beyond Graham's imagination.  
..."You will be expected to say something," said Ostrog. "Not  
...what you used to call a Speech, but what our people call a Word—  
...just one sentence, six or seven words. Something formal. If I  
...might suggest—I have awakened and my heart is with you." That  
...is what they want."  
..."What was that?" asked Graham.  
..."I am awakened and my heart is with you." And bow—bow  
...royally. But first we must get you black robes—for black is your  
...colour. Do you mind? And then they will disperse to their  
...homes."  
...Graham hesitated. "I am in your hands," he said.  
...Ostrog was clearly of that opinion. He thought for a moment,  
...turned to the curtain, and called brief directions to some unseen  
...attendants. Almost immediately a black robe, the very fellow of  
...the black robe Graham had worn in the theatre, was brought. And  
...as he threw it about his shoulders there came from the room without  
...the shrilling of a high-pitched bell. Ostrog turned in interrogation  
...to the attendant, then suddenly seemed to change his mind, pulled  
...the curtain aside and disappeared.  
...For a moment Graham stood with the deferential attendant  
...listening to his retreating steps. There was a sound of quick  
...question and answer and footsteps running. The curtain was  
...snatched back and Ostrog reappeared, his massive face glowing  
...with excitement. He crossed the room in a stride, clicked the room  
...into darkness, and came and gripped Graham's arm.  
..."Even as we turned away," he said.  
...Graham saw his index finger, black and colossal, pointing to the  
...Council House that was gliding slowly into the field of view once  
...again. For a moment he did not understand. And then he  
...perceived that the flagstaff that had carried the white banner was  
...gone.  
..."Do you mean —?" he began.  
..."The Council has surrendered. Its rule is at an end for  
...evermore."  
..."Its rule is at an end for evermore."  
..."Look!" said Ostrog, and pointed to a coil of black that crept  
...like jerks up the vacant flagstaff, unfolding as it rose.  
...The oval picture paled as Lincoln pulled the curtain aside and  
...looked.  
..."They are clamorous," he said.  
...Ostrog kept his grip of Graham's arm.

"We have raised the people," he said. "We have given them  
...arms. For to-day at least their wishes must be law."  
...Lincoln held the curtain open for Graham and Ostrog to pass  
...through.  
...On his way to the markets Graham had a transitory glance of a  
...long narrow white-walled room in which men in the universal blue  
...canvases were carrying covered things like biers, and about which  
...men in medical purple hurried to and fro. From this room came  
...groans and wailing. He had an impression of an empty blood-  
...stained couch, of men on other couches, bandaged and blood-  
...stained. It was just a glimpse from a railed footway and then  
...a buttress hid the place and they were going on towards the  
...markets.  
...The roar of the multitude was near now: it leapt to thunder.  
...And, arresting his attention, a fluttering of black banners, the  
...waving of blue canvases and brown rags, and the swarming vastness  
...of the theatre near the public markets came into view down a long  
...passage. The picture opened out. He perceived they were entering  
...the great theatre of his first appearance, and which he had last seen a  
...chequer-work of glare and blackness when he had fled from the red  
...police. This time he entered it along a gallery at a level high above  
...the stage. The place was now brightly lit again. He sought  
...the gangway up which he had fled, but he could not tell it from  
...among its dozens of fellows; nor could he see anything of the  
...smashed seats, deflated cushions, and suchlike traces of the fight  
...because of the density of the people. Except the stage the whole  
...place was closely packed, and looking down the effect was a vast  
...area of stippled pink, each dot a still upturned face regarding him.  
...At his appearance with Ostrog the cheering died away, the singing  
...died away, a common interest stilled and unified the disorder. It  
...seemed as though every individual of those myriads was watching  
...his progress.

(To be continued)

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE result of the rules with regard to crawling cabs has astonished  
...everybody. It just shows that it only requires a little common-  
...sense to be applied to the regulation of our traffic to make the  
...passage of our streets as easy as possible. When due attention is  
...paid to the obstruction caused by builders, road-menders, drainage  
...work, and the layers of gas-pipes, water mains and electric wires, in  
...addition to those people who convert the public streets into private  
...yards, it will be found the progress on wheels through the metropolis  
...will be all that could be desired. Moreover, it will successfully  
...demonstrate that there is no occasion to endanger the safety of our  
...city by any further piercings, tunnelling and burrowings. It will  
...probably prove that any further construction of underground railways  
...will be a work of supererogation. The new cab regulation, how-  
...ever, has its drawback. It is this. Everything now moves at such  
...a pace that it is difficult to cross the road without being run over.  
...As motor-carriages increase it will probably be necessary to protect  
...the street from trespass as much as the railway, and light bridges  
...will have to be erected at intervals for the benefit of the foot-  
...passenger. The new regulation for cabs is an excellent thing with  
...regard to wheel traffic, but the foot-passenger—who ought to be the  
...first to be considered—is, as usual, neglected altogether.

When did "booing" as significant of disapprobation at the  
...theatre and elsewhere first become popular? It strikes me as being a  
...custom of comparatively recent introduction, and possibly may be of  
...foreign origin. In the days of my youth popular discontent was  
...usually expressed by hissing or groaning, and I am inclined to think  
...both these methods were more effective. Booing is apt to become  
...mixed up with applause, and seems to be a somewhat half-hearted,

one-eyed kind of condemnation, but there is no mistaking the  
...meaning of the old-fashioned hiss of the dissatisfied British playgoer.  
...It cuts clear and sharp through the paid applause of a claque like a  
...well-directed stream from the hose of a fire-engine, it does its work  
...with a cold cruelty and a sureness of aim that is absolutely thrilling,  
...and it has the advantage of being the most effective style of rough  
...criticism accompanied by the smallest amount of exertion on the  
...part of the critic. A genuine groan of real indignation is very over-  
...powering, so I have been assured by people who have made  
...unpopular speeches, but I am inclined to think this is mostly reserved  
...for open-air performances. With regard to the theatre, I think all  
...three systems are wrong. The American plan is the best. If they  
...do not like a play there, people quietly get up and walk out. Thus  
...they express their opinion and do not annoy the rest of the audience  
...by a noisy demonstration. Depend upon it, contempt is a much  
...keener weapon than either abuse or argument, and much less trouble  
...to handle.

Recent attention has been called by Mr. Andrew Lang in  
...*Longman's Magazine* to a disgraceful class of persons whom he  
...denominates "copy cadgers." I wish he would carry his investiga-  
...tions still further, and proceed to expose the doings of others who  
...are in a similar line of business. There are those who publish  
...collections of poems and request the loan of some of an author's best  
...work for insertion—in this case the only persons who are not paid are  
...those without whom the book could not exist—there are also those  
...who steal copyright work for such a purpose thinking they will not be  
...found out. Besides these may be mentioned composers who steal  
...songs when the poet is not looking and set them to music, people  
...who filch original ideas and bring them out as their own, compilers  
...of biographies who borrow the most valuable information and  
...letters and never pay you a penny for them, publishers who borrow  
...valuable drawings for illustration, and then never even present you  
...with a copy of the book they decorate; exhibitions which  
...borrow choice pictures and relics and then send them back with the  
...frames spoiled and the articles injured. All these and a great many  
...more of a similar class require showing up. I know people who  
...have been so done by the classes alluded to that now they have  
...determined to make a firm stand. They have decided not to lend  
...anything unless its money value and the sum charged for its loan is  
...first lodged with them, the value to be returned when the article is  
...once more received and in good condition. This is a common-sense  
...proceeding founded on pure commercial principles, which I trust  
...will be universally adopted, and I hope will have the effect of  
...entirely suppressing the nuisances alluded to.

## Football Items

THE Association match between Oxford and Cambridge brought  
...together a large crowd at Queen's Club on Saturday. The game  
...resulted in a victory for Cambridge by three goals to one. The  
...Cambridge men deserved their success, which was largely due to  
...their playing well together. The forwards were well fed by the  
...halves, and the team moved towards the Oxford goal in a body.  
...Vassall, the Oxford captain, played very well, but his half-backs  
...were not equal to the Cambridge. In the first half Oxford  
...had two goals scored against them, the first from a pass by Gosling  
...to Moon, and the second, three minutes later, was scored by  
...Blaker. The third goal was scored in the second half by a  
...pass from Haig Brown to Gosling. Oxford's only goal was  
...scored from one of Vassall's fine centres by Jameson. The  
...same Oxford team, with some two or three alterations, is to pay  
...a visit to Austria and to play three matches. One of these will  
...be against a team in Vienna composed entirely of Austrians.  
...The Oxford team will leave London on the 26th, and will  
...return from Vienna on April 3. Another example of foreigners  
...playing our national games is afforded by the fact that a Rugby  
...football team, La Stade Français, is over here. Their first match  
...was against the Trinity College, Dublin, who easily won, although the  
...visitors caused considerable astonishment by playing up wonderfully  
...well. They next played against the Barbarians at Blackheath,  
...when the latter won by six goals and a try to nothing.



THE INTER-UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB  
DRAWN BY FRANK GILLET



H. R. H. PRINCE PHILIP, DUC D'ORLÉANS

THE ROYALIST CLAIMANT TO THE FRENCH THRONE

From a Photograph by Koller-Karoly, Budapest

## The French Pretenders

### I.—THE ROYALIST

SPEAKING in the French Chamber the other day M. Dupuy, the Premier, defied the Monarchical parties to attempt a *coup d'état*. M. Dupuy's confidence in the stability of the Republic is, perhaps, well founded, but the fact that a man in his responsible position should have uttered such a challenge is a significant revelation of the thoughts uppermost at the present moment in the French mind. As a matter of fact no one would be surprised if, at any moment, the Republic were to topple to pieces and a King or an Emperor were to be installed in its place. If, as a Parliamentary force, both Royalists and Imperialists are to-day much weaker than they have ever been before in the history of the Third Republic, it does not follow that M. Dupuy's confidence in the existing institutions is well founded. Neither a Constitution nor an Administration constitutes a nation. The discontent of the great masses of the people; the enormous power and scarcely veiled disaffection of the Army; and, finally, the fact that there are now only two Monarchical factions in the field, and that each is united within itself in leadership and principles, renders the possibility of a *coup d'état* by no means negligible.

Of these two factions the Royalists are the most in evidence. They are now united under the legitimate leadership of the Duke of Orleans, son of the late Comte de Paris. Even in our own time the Royalists have not always been so united, for it was only after the adoption of the Comte de Paris as his heir by the late Comte de Chambord that the long-standing feud of the Legitimists and Orleanists was healed. The Comte de Chambord was the last scion of the senior branch of the Royal House of Bourbon, the lineal descendant of Henry IV. and the *Roi Soleil*, Louis XIV. The succession became a subject of apprehension after the death of Louis XV. Two of his grandsons, Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII., both reigned, but the male issue of the former died in infancy and the latter had no children at all. A third grandson succeeded Louis XVIII. as Charles X., but of his two sons the elder, the Duc d'Angoulême, was childless, while the younger, the Duc de Berri, died at the hands of the assassin Louvel without an heir. The avowed object of Louvel's crime was to extinguish the Bourbon line, but in this it was not successful, for seven months after the Duke's death his widow was delivered of a male child, who, under the style and title of Henri Duc de Bordeaux, was acknowledged as heir presumptive to the Crown. This event, as it turned out, saved neither the throne nor the family, for the Revolution of 1830 drove Charles X. into exile, and, although both he and his elder son abdicated their rights in favour of the infant son of the murdered Duc de Berri, the latter never reigned. Under the title of Comte de Chambord he died in childless exile in 1883. He had had one chance of the Crown, but he had cast it aside. In 1874 the Chambers were ready to re-establish the Monarchy, and the Count even came to Versailles to receive their allegiance, but at the last moment a difficulty arose about the flag. The Comte de Chambord refused to abandon the *fleur de lys* in favour of the tricolour, and the negotiations were consequently abandoned.

After the Comte de Chambord's death it became necessary to fall back on the collateral branches of the Royal pedigree. The

choice lay between the descendants of Louis XIV.'s grandson Philip, who were true Bourbons, and the posterity of Louis' younger brother Philip, Duke of Orleans. Genealogically the preference belonged to the Bourbons, but inasmuch as its chief, Philip, had renounced all claim to the French Crown on behalf of himself and his descendants, when he became King of Spain, the Royalists found themselves limited to the Orleans family. None the less a small and intractable section of the Royalist party, angered at the liberal tendencies of the Orleanists, and at their intrigues against the Bourbons before even the heirs male of the latter were exhausted, elected to ignore the renunciation of Philip V. of Spain. Under the name of "Blancs d'Espagne" they still advocate the candidature of Don Carlos—now the head of the surviving male branch of the Bourbon family—although as an organised political party they have no existence. Failing Don Carlos and his family another Bourbon candidate has lately arisen in the person of Prince Francis de Bourbon, a cousin of the Spanish Pretender. He is the son of the Duke of Seville, who in 1870 was killed by the Duke of Montpensier in a duel, and a nephew of the King Consort of the ex-Queen Isabella. After the death of the late Comte de Paris he issued a manifesto to the French people, in which he took the title of Duke of Anjou, and notified his claims to the French nation. His candidature is, however, not serious, owing to his being the issue of amorganatic marriage, not to speak of other more formidable difficulties.

The Bourbons being thus excluded, only the House of Orleans remains. The founder of this branch was Duke Philip, younger brother of Louis XIV. and husband of Henrietta Anna of England. Prior to the Revolution the Dukes of Orleans enjoyed an unenviable reputation. There seems little reason to doubt that the first Duke poisoned his wife out of jealousy. The wickedness of the second Duke, the cynical pupil of the Abbé Dubois and the godson of John Low, is historical. As Regent during the minority of Louis XV. he gave the first impulse to the adoption of the business of Pretender, which his descendant, the fifth Duke, better known as Philippe Égalité, so assiduously cultivated. The latter, however, imparted a political bias to his rivalry with the reigning Bourbons by an ostentatious advocacy of the Liberal principles which have since been a leading feature in the Orleanist confession of faith. This Liberalism enabled his son, Louis Philippe, to deprive the elder branch of the Bourbons of their birthright in 1830 and to ascend the French throne as an elected King.

It is little known that, like Louis Napoleon, Louis Philippe's legitimacy has been contested. The story goes that on the day on which he is supposed to have been born his alleged mother gave birth to a daughter, who was exchanged for the infant son of an Italian named Chiappini. The daughter, Marie Stella Chiappini, afterwards married the first Lord Newborough, and was great-grandmother to the present Baron. The strangest part of the story is that before her death Lady Newborough became aware of her Royal origin and appealed to the Pope for an inquiry. Leo XII. was not well disposed towards Louis Philippe, and at his instance the ecclesiastical tribunal of Faenza gave judgment in favour of Lady Newborough, and amended her birth-register accordingly. Whatever truth there may be in this story—and it is a suspicious variant of many similar stories which have been told of other Princes and pretenders—it does not seem to have affected Louis Philippe's tenure of the throne. His deposition in 1848 was due to quite other causes. Since that event the Orleanists

have chiefly passed their lives in exile. Louis Philippe's eldest son, Ferdinand, was killed by an accident in 1842. He left a son, the late Comte de Paris, who died at Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, in 1894, and he in his turn left a son, the present Duke of Orleans, in whom to-day the hopes of all loyal Monarchists in France are centred.

Louis Philippe Robert, or as he prefers to call himself, Philippe, Duke of Orleans, is now in his thirtieth year. He was born at Twickenham, on February 6, 1869, and was just two years old when, in July, 1871, the law of exile against his family was abrogated, and his parents took him to France. After a course of governesses he was sent to the Communal School at Eu, whence he proceeded to the Collège Stanislas. It was the intention of his father to let him take his degree at the Sorbonne, but the renewal of the laws of exile defeated this project, and the whole family returned to England. He had previously accompanied his father to Frohsdorf to attend the funeral of the Comte de Chambord, when he saw his father for the first time saluted by the faithful as King of France. In England the young Duke received his military education. The Queen appointed him a supernumerary cadet at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Having successfully passed his examinations he was attached temporarily, with a lieutenant's commission, to the 60th Rifles, then quartered in India. He remained with this regiment for twelve months, during which he gained much practical experience as a soldier. Shortly after his return to England he formed the audacious plan of proceeding to Paris and demanding his right as a Frenchman to serve in the army as a private soldier. He carried out without informing his parents, but was arrested by the French authorities and condemned to two years' imprisonment. This adventure gave a greater impulse to the Royalist cause in France than anything that had been done since the offer of the crown to the Comte de Chambord. After four months' detention in the prison of Clairvaux he was released by Presidential decree and expelled the country. Since then his life has been political and eventful. The connection of the Royalists with the Boulanger case once more placed their prospects under a cloud, and the salient policy of the Papacy, which favoured reconciliation with the Republic, still further reduced their influence. The Prince has, however, always favoured a policy of action on rather more democratic lines than some of his supporters like. In this he is ably and fully supported by his wife, the Duchess Marie Dorothea, an accomplished granddaughter of the clever Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, whom he married in 1897.

The Duke's followers in France are well organised as a political party, and are especially strongly represented in the Press. Their influence on the country has, however, tended to diminish of late years owing, it is thought, to the action of the Pope. The strength of their Parliamentary representatives never was at so low a ebb as it is to-day. Whether the Dreyfus agitation, in which they have strongly identified themselves with the army, has improved their prospects remains to be seen. It does not appear to be a cause which is calculated to bring them moral or material benefit. If the antagonists of the army triumph, the Royalists will have to make a repetition of their bitter Boulangerist experiences. If, on the other hand, they should triumph by means of the army, it will be at the guilty sacrifice of principles which every honest man and every citizen holds dear—perhaps, also, the sacrifice of the liberty of an innocent man.





H. I. H. PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON

THE IMPERIALIST CLAIMANT TO THE FRENCH THRONE

From a Photograph by J. Oricelly, Paris

## The French Pretenders

## II.—THE IMPERIALIST

ALTHOUGH it is the fashion to speak of the Bonaparte family as *parvenus*, there is very little to choose between them and the House of Orleans. It is true that they have not a long line of Kings behind them, but they gave France one crowded epoch of glorious life, which goes far towards counterbalancing the traditions of the older régime. For the rest the fortunes of the two families have been strikingly similar. In both cases the main lines ended in deposition and childlessness; in both the succession fell to junior branches, alike distinguished by democratic sympathies, and both are to-day represented by young men ready to adopt the same flag, and relying less on principles of divine right than on the electoral right of the nation.

There are to-day two families of Bonaparte. The elder is not royal, and is excluded from the succession by the Senatus Consultum of 1804. It comprises the descendants of Napoleon's brothers, Joseph and Lucien, who were fused by the marriage of Lucien's eldest son with Joseph's elder daughter. Joseph, who in his time occupied two thrones, those of Naples and Spain, was not excluded from the succession, but he had no sons, and while one of his daughters intermarried with a proscribed branch, the other had no issue. Lucien, Prince of Canino, was excluded on account of his marriage with the widow of a stock-broker. Napoleon offered him the crowns of Italy and Spain if he would divorce her, but he refused. He had a large family of six daughters and five sons. Two of his daughters married Englishmen, Christina becoming the wife of Lord Dudley Stuart, and Letitia of Sir Thomas Wyse, British Minister at Athens. His fourth son, Pierre Bonaparte, was the hero of the Victor Noir tragedy, which hastened the fall of the Second Empire. Another of his sons, Prince Lucien, was the well-known philologist, who was born, bred, and died in England. A grandson, Cardinal Bonaparte, was long the head of this branch of the family, and was succeeded by his brother, Prince Napoleon Charles, who died quite lately. He has now been succeeded by Prince Roland, a son of the late Prince Pierre, who has earned considerable distinction as a geographer, and plays the same rôle among the Bonapartists as Prince Henri of Orleans among the Royalists. Both Joseph and Lucien, the elder, lived in England in the Thirties, and mingled freely in society, where they made many friends. Greville met them at Lady Cork's, and writes appreciatively of their amiability and modesty—"two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen." Stratford Canning met Joseph at Baltimore, where he was living in a boarding-house, and was addressed by everybody as "Your Majesty." Lucien, while in England, was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. "He shook hands with me," said the Duke, "and we were as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives."

Napoleon had two other brothers, Louis, King of Holland, and Jerome, King of Westphalia. When the deposed Emperor's only son, Napoleon II., or, as he was more commonly called, the Duke of Reichstadt, died in Vienna in his twenty-first year, the main line became extinct, and the succession devolved on the nearest eligible collateral. This was the family of the ex-King

Louis of Holland, who had married Napoleon's step-daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais. Louis had three sons. The eldest, Napoleon Charles, died in infancy; the second, who was Grand Duke of Berg, also died young, and the third, Charles Louis Napoleon, consequently became head of the Imperial branch, and successfully asserted his rights in 1852 as Napoleon III. The fate of his uncle, however, overtook him. He died in exile in England, and his only son, the Prince Imperial, was killed in the Zulu War, leaving no issue. For a second time the line of direct succession became extinct.

The succession now devolved on the issue of Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, and it is his family which is the present depository of the Imperial traditions. Jerome was the youngest of the Napoleons, and was a boy at school when his famous brother was First Consul. He knew nothing of the early privations of the family, and, consequently, grew up with extravagant tastes. Napoleon petted him a great deal, and paid his debts with weak indulgence. While in the Navy he married an American lady, Miss Patterson, at Baltimore, but the union was declared void by Napoleon. When Jerome had made his peace with the Emperor, he was given the Westphalian Crown, and married to the amiable and accomplished daughter of King Frederick I. of Wurtemberg. Although he treated her with scandalous infidelity, she refused the counsel of her father to divorce him after Waterloo, declaring her resolution to share through life the fortunes of her husband. In his declining years Jerome reformed, and became the model of a respectable and discreet old gentleman. Greville met him in 1840 at Lady Blessington's, and found him "a polite, urbane gentleman, not giving himself any airs." "He said nothing royal," adds the diarist, "except that he was going to Stuttgart 'pour passer quelques jours avec mon beau-frère, le Roi de Wurtemberg.'"

Jerome had three children by his second wife. The eldest was a colonel in the Wurtemberg army, but died without issue in 1847. The second, the Princess Mathilde, is still living, bearing still, for all her seventy-eight years, the traces of a splendid beauty, and preserving all the wit and intelligence which made her one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Court of Napoleon III. She is the widow of Anatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato, one of the richest men of his time. The third was the late Prince Napoleon, the famous "Plon Plon" of the Second Empire. Prince Napoleon was the Philip Egalité of the Bonapartes. Throughout his life he took no pains to hide his Democratic sympathies, and he frequently quarrelled with the Emperor. On the evening of Orsini's attempt on Napoleon's life he was dining in public with the leaders of the Parliamentary Opposition, and when he hurried to the opera to present his congratulations to his cousin on his escape, the Empress publicly turned her back upon him. He was the most cultured member of his family, but as unstable as he was ambitious. The public distrusted him, and his own relations had but little confidence in him. He lived unhappily with his wife, the Princess Clothilde of Savoy, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and quarrelled with his eldest son.

By the Senatus Consultum of May, 1870, the succession to the Imperial Throne, in the event of the extinction of the family of Napoleon III., was vested in the descendants of King Jerome. Accordingly, on the death of the Prince Imperial, the chieftainship of the Bonaparte family, and of the Imperialist party, was assumed by Prince Napoleon. A bitter family feud now took place. The ex-Empress Eugénie and the whole Papal section of the Bonapartists

opposed the pretension of the Prince, who was, however, supported by the "Appel au Peuple" party. M. Paul Granier de Cassagnac publicly rejected him as a *Communard*, and M. Amigues, who had done so much to rebuild the Napoleonist cause, opposed to him his eldest son Victor—"jeune homme au cœur ardent"—who had been designated as chief of the family and party in the Prince Imperial's will. The Imperialist committees now divided into Jeromists and Victorians. For a time the balance of popularity rested with the father, who, by his age, experience, and high intellectual value, offered a far more hopeful leadership than his son and rival, a young student at the Lycée Charlemagne. The marked tendencies of the Prince in favour of the Republic, however, gradually alienated from him many of his most influential supporters, and when on obtaining his majority the young Prince Victor set himself in direct opposition to his father, he was followed by the bulk of the party. The Jeromist committees melted away, and the Victorians held the field and assumed the name of Imperialists. When Prince Napoleon died he disinherited his elder son. "Je ne laisse rien," he wrote in his will, "à Victor, mon fils aîné. C'est un traître et un rebelle. Sa mauvaise conduite me cause une grande douleur et un profond mécontentement. Je ne veux pas qu'il assiste à mes obsèques." He designated his second son Louis as his heir.

The will had no political effect. Under the influence of their mother the two sons remained closely bound to each other, and Prince Victor remained the head of the Imperial family, both by the choice of his political partisans and the affectionate renunciations of his younger brother. The compact was consecrated by a visit which the two brothers paid to the ex-Empress Eugénie at San Remo, soon after their father's death. Prince Victor is now the uncontested heir of the Napoleons. He is now in his thirty-seventh year. He lives in Brussels, where he maintains a small Court and whence he issues from time to time manifestoes to the faithful in France. The Empress Eugénie makes him an allowance of 80,000 francs a year. His brother Louis is two years his junior. After serving in the French army he obtained a commission in the Italian army, and thence passed into the military service of Russia. He was for a time Colonel of the Nijegorod Dragoons, but he has lately been appointed to the colonelcy of a crack regiment, the Empress's Lancers.

Of the political prospects of the Bonapartists it is as difficult to speak as of those of the Orleanists. Of late years their political organisation has been much enfeebled, and their Parliamentary representation is scarcely recognisable. Unlike the Royalists, they show a more serious sign of weakness in the defection of their newspapers and the apathy of their committees. Much of this is due to the silence of Prince Victor, who does little to inspire the party. His brother Louis is, indeed, more of a personality. M. de Cassagnac lately read the Prince a severe lecture on his inactivity in the columns of the *Autorité*. The rebellious spirit of the Bonapartists is further illustrated by an incident which occurred a few months ago in the columns of the *Figaro*. A correspondence took place as to whether the next Emperor should be Napoleon IV., or—bearing in mind the previous pretensions of the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon—Napoleon V. or even Napoleon VI. The correspondence was closed by the following anonymous contribution:—

Napoléon Cinq—Six—Baste ! il n'importe guère.  
Ce n'est qu'un numéro qu'on pique à son cimeter,  
Et mieux vaudrait nourrir un souci moins vulgaire,  
Celui d'être un *Second Napoléon Premier*.



## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### "OURS"

THE careful revival of *Ours* at the GLOBE Theatre, with Mr. Hare—sole representative of the original cast of nearly thirty-two years ago—once more in the part of Prince Perovsky, has served, even better than the recent revival of *School*, to show that the Robertsonian comedies, though they are industriously disparaged in some quarters, still retain the power to interest audiences. Complaints have, it is true, been heard of the sudden appearance of the trio of ladies in the Crimean hut in the last act as an improbable incident, as if the playwright's last act had not been from time immemorial an inn of strange meetings, and as if it was the dramatist's business to bring every situation to the test of strict probability. The truth is that audiences are not indisposed to connive on occasion at a little improbability. *Volunt decipi*. When the play interests and amuses, as *Ours* undoubtedly does, they are rarely in the mood to spoil their own enjoyment by asking themselves whether in actual life things would be likely to happen precisely in this way. *Ours* may have "aged," as some objectors express it, but it is at least pure and wholesome. Very possibly the playwrights of 1866 were feeble folk compared with their successors, but it was not their custom to court notoriety by shocking our sense of propriety. They did not, like Audrey, thank the Gods that they were "foul." Mr. Hare's Petrovsky, though the part is slight, has long been recognised as one of the best of all this actor's wide range of impersonations, and it has lost nothing of its exquisite finish and its pervading suggestion of high born courtesy. That the cast is, on the whole, a good one will be acknowledged by all but those old playgoers who go to the GLOBE with prepossessions and vain hankerings after the past. Miss May Harvey is not Lady Bancroft, but her Mary Netley is, nevertheless, a very sprightly and amusing personage, and the dry humour of Mr. Day's Sergeant Jones may give pleasure even to those who sigh for the higher colouring and the bolder accentuation of Mr. Dewar or Mr. Charles Collette. As the heroine, Blanche Hay, Miss Terry-Lewis shows a decided advance on former efforts; and Mr. Gilbert Hare as Sir Alexander puts on the air of middle age with more artistic skill than ever. Hugh Chalcot, the wealthy idle young brewer, descends, as of right, to Mr. Fred Kerr, whom everybody can, as folk say, "see" in this part. Mr. Gillmore plays with taste and feeling as MacAlister, and Miss Fanny Coleman's Lady Shendry may safely court comparison with that of any predecessor in the part. The park scene of the first act is pretty; but where are the sere and yellow leaves which used to fall so persistently? That clever climax of the drawing-room scene once more

aroused enthusiasm, and the humours of the tent scene were evidently acceptable to the audience. The uniforms and dresses of 1853-4 attract no very special attention, but they may spare a shock to the feelings of the spectator who is well up in the history of costumes. The run of *Ours* may be limited by the arrangements



CHANG  
Mr. Holbrook Blinn

LIU  
Mr. Wallace Widdecombe

"BORROWING THE BOOTS," THE CHINESE PLAY AT  
ST. GEORGE'S HALL

for producing the new comedy in contemplation, but it ought to rank among the most successful of Mr. Hare's Robertsonian revivals.

### "THE ONLY WAY"

Mr. Freeman Wills's new drama at the LYCEUM is not the first

attempt to construct a play upon the basis of Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, but it is assuredly the best. In Mr. Wills's version, produced at the same theatre by the famous Madame Celeste nearly forty years ago, the story of the love of Charles Darnay, the young exiled French nobleman, for Lucie, the daughter of Dr. Manette, is almost lost sight of amidst the riotous scenes of life in Paris in the days of the Terror. Moreover, the character of Sydney Carton, the dissolute but good hearted English barrister, and his hopeless love for the same heroine, are not set forth with the distinctness which is needed to bring out the full sympathy of the spectator for his sublime act of self-sacrifice which prepares the way for the happy dénouement. Mr. Wills, on the contrary, has been careful to give prominence to the triangular love story. It is curious that in spite of the title both of the novel and the play the earlier piece is a tale not of "two cities" but of "one." Mr. Wills, with better judgment, gives us an interval of repose between the intensely melodramatic prologue and the frenzied acts to the scenes in London and its suburbs during which the development of the play receives a full development. The popular reception which the piece met with, in spite of its inordinant length on the first night, was due, I conceive, in no slight measure to this treatment of the theme. Yet it would be unfair to acknowledge the adaptor's debt to the performers. Mr. May Harvey's Carton showed traces of fatigue in the later scenes, but was, on the whole, a picturesque and forcible piece of acting. Miss Warner's Lucie wanting in grace and charm, Mr. Everill's Dr. Manette and Mr. Blinn's Ernest Defarge were impressive performances, while Mr. Sam Johnson's Stryver and Mr. J. G. Taylor's Lorry were excellent samples of humorous character acting. Love-making parts are apt to be trying, but Mr. Sleath acquits himself more than creditably in the part of Charles Darnay, and that imaginative actress, Miss Marriott, gives much effect to the character of the furious *tricotée*, known to the Parisian populace as "La Vengeance." Both the novelist and the adaptor, by the way, call her "the Vengeance," but surely the article in English is superfluous.

The news that the LYCEUM Theatre is to pass into the hands of a company, with Mr. Comyns-Carr for its managing director, and Mr. William Greet—who is to produce here a pantomime at Christmas—as his coadjutor, is somewhat startling, but it is satisfactory to know that one hundred nights in the best part of the year will be reserved for Sir Henry Irving. Not less welcome will be the assurance, since published, that Miss Ellen Terry will continue to be associated with Sir Henry Irving's enterprises. For the present at least the proposed arrangements will practically make little or no difference, for it has long been understood that after the close of the run of M. Sardou's *Robespierre*—which is to be produced on April 15—Sir Henry with his company will start for another long tour in the United States. As the world has already heard, Mr. Wilson Barrett will have possession of the LYCEUM from September 1



SYDNEY CARTON (MR. MARTIN HARVEY) BIDDING FAREWELL TO MIMI (MISS DE SILVA) ON HIS WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD

"THE ONLY WAY: A TALE OF TWO CITIES" AT THE LYCEUM

DRAWN BY A. B. SALMON

next till the middle of December, when the pantomime preparations will commence.

Much sympathy has been felt for that admirable actress, Miss Kate Rorke, the death of whose husband, Mr. E. W. Gardiner, has been lately announced. Mr. Gardiner played the hero in several of the Drury Lane autumn dramas, under Sir Augustus Harris's management; he is also remembered for his impressive performance of the Southern Spy in the American military drama *Held by the Enemy*. His union with Miss Rorke was in every way a suitable one, giving promise of a happy wedded life, till Mr. Gardiner was unhappily stricken down with a malady which brought his career as an actor to a sudden close. It is a sadder story than the world knows. Mr. Gardiner was afflicted with an aberration of reason of that distressing kind which sometimes leads the sufferers involuntarily to attempt to do harm to those who love them best and by whom they are best beloved. From his sorrowful condition, though tended with all loving care, he never wholly recovered, and he passed away in the very prime of life.

Miss Lydia Thompson, Mrs. Billington, and Miss Sarah Thorne are all to be the objects of complimentary benefits which are now being organised by friends and admirers. Miss Thompson was one of the brightest and most winning of our burlesque actresses. When Lady Bancroft—then Miss Marie Wilton—determined to abandon burlesque and devote herself to Robertsonian comedies, it was Miss Lydia Thompson whom she chose to take her place in the former class of entertainment. Mrs. Billington, who has happily recovered from her long and serious illness, is one of the best of our stage elocutionists. Those who have not heard her recite the pathetic story of "The Little Midshipmite" have missed a rare pleasure. Playgoers have not, we trust, forgotten Miss Sarah Thorne. She is one of the old Margate family of the Thornes, who occupy a conspicuous place in dramatic annals, and is a clever actress and manager. Among her closest relatives now on the stage are Mr. Thomas Thorne, Miss Emily Thorne, Mr. George Thorne, Mr. Fred Thorne, and Mr. Frank Gillmore.

At the Chinese Matinée at the ST. GEORGE'S HALL, in aid of the Society for the Promotion of Christian and General Knowledge in China, and the organisation for doing away with the practice of mutilating the feet of Chinese women, was given an amusing little comedy entitled *Borrowing Boots*. This play for some centuries has held the stage, and this translation is the work of Mr. Archibald Little. It boasts no plot, but yields a certain humour in its picture of the persistent efforts of a young spendthrift to borrow a pair of boots from a grave, but wily, magnate, in order that he may cut a distinguished figure at a dinner. The three characters were cleverly played by Mr. Holbrook Blinn, as the borrower, Mr. Wallace Widdecombe, as the lender, and Miss Lizzie St. Quinten, as a boy servant.

# An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

It is likely that the public will regard with some surprise the initial recommendation of the Committee formed for the purpose of rendering to the memory of Sir John Millais the memorial honours about which we have heard so much. The idea of a monument on the floor of St. Paul's has been dismissed as impracticable, and nothing can be thought of save a statue of the artist to be erected in the Tate Gallery—that is to say, in the place where the greater public will not see it, and where there is already much more fitly provided the monument of his genius in the shape of pictures from his hand.

Think for a moment what would be done abroad if a man of Millais' calibre and of his enormous popularity were to be honoured by those who hold him and his genius in love and in respect. A noble statue-monument would probably be the result, not put away in the aisle of a church or in a picture gallery, but raised in the open where his countrymen would be passing in their thousands day by day, and where, gazing upon it, they would keep his memory fresh and green in their hearts. There is something extremely restricted in idea, certainly not national, in the present suggestion, but all that remains to be done now that the point seems to be decided is to help worthily and adequately to carry it into execution. Meanwhile, two biographies of the artist, as I understand, will probably be issued in the autumn of the year: the first, the official "Life" by Mr. J. G. Millais, and the second, a work to be issued, it is said, by Bell and Sons. Both are likely to be beautiful picture books, so that they will keep the name and work of the great painter before the public far more vividly than any funereal sculpture set up within doors.

The intended tribute to Lord Leighton is Mr. Brock's superb monument for St. Paul's. But there is another matter. As I have already pointed out in this column, Lord Leighton's sisters at the President's bare request handed over 10,000*l.* to the Royal Academy. The members have quickly followed the publication of those facts by announcing a scheme which, I think, is an admirable one, entirely in accord with what would have been Leighton's own wish. That is to say, the money is to be devoted to the encouragement of the decorative arts in painting, sculpture, and architecture. But considered as a memorial, it must be borne in mind that this is not a tribute in any sense, but has been paid for by Leighton and his sisters themselves. The ladies, be it remarked, have done more; they have presented to the nation

his house and certain of its contents in order that it might be made—as it has been made—into a beautiful public museum for the delight of people and students alike; and it is their earnest wish that it may be placed upon a permanent footing and so far endowed that its maintenance—only a few hundreds annually being required—may be assured. If so it be, the Kensington authorities have declared themselves willing and anxious to take it over and work it for the public benefit. It would have been a graceful act had there been a combined effort to assist a cause which I have authority for stating Lord Leighton would himself have desired.

The English mistrust of the artistic powers, achievements and high position of their country is in curious contrast with the assurances of foreign witnesses, whose judgment is no more to be denied than their sincerity. Not long ago Señor Villegas declared that "the English School is going up as fast as the French School is going down . . . because in England there is seriousness, and because English artists aim at nobility just as the Italians did in the past." Señor Bardella has recommended American students to seek their Mecca in London rather than in Paris. M. Guillaume, the head of the French Academy at the Villa Medici, while naturally defending Paris, praises London; and now, after testimony of Spaniard and Frenchman, comes Professor von Tschudi, the Director of the National Gallery of Berlin, who has created a great impression in Germany by declaring that England is a solitary and brilliant exception in resisting the effects brought about by the French Revolution, whereby the influence of England upon the development of Continental art is now happily "overwhelming." Within the last few days, many distinguished foreigners—several of them with official and some with literary missions—have been visiting London in order to report not only upon the Rembrandt and Burne-Jones Exhibitions, but also on the progress of our art. It has been my good fortune to hold converse with several of these gentlemen, and to listen to the enthusiastic witness they have generously borne to the extraordinary strides which our country has been making.

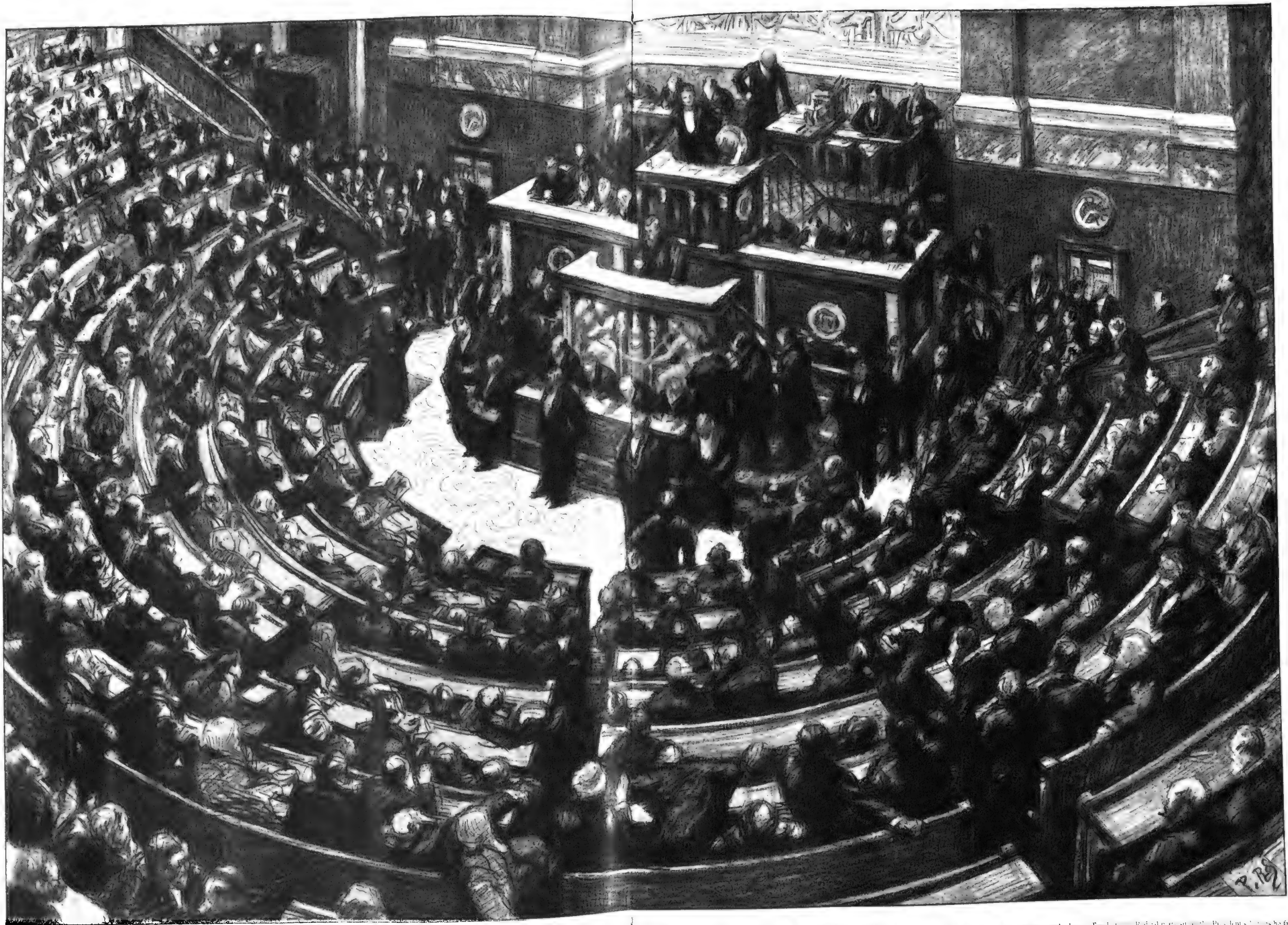
Without doubt the institution which strikes them most favourably, in spite of all its faults of detail, is the South Kensington Museum, together with the Department from which it springs. The French certainly spend an enormous annual sum under the head of "Beaux Arts," but a museum so finely endowed as ours, which, properly regarded, may be called the object class-room in connection with a vast system of education and circulation in which the whole country shares, is to them a noble achievement, for which they can find, in their own country at least, no parallel. These gentlemen come over here and report to their Governments or to their Departments, and these documents, such as the discriminating report of M. Léonce Bénédite and the less discerning statement of Monsieur Vacho, give rise in official minds to visions to which an unappreciative Exchequer refuses to accord a concrete expression of approval.



"OURS" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: A SCENE IN ACT II

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG





The French Chamber of Deputies is the principal room in the Palais Bourbon in Paris. The shape of the building is semicircular. A few feet in front of the centre of the circle are the tiers of benches arranged round the semicircle is the chair of the President of the Chamber. Round his desk at a lower level are three or four "Secretaries," as the Deputies are called who perform the same office as our "tellers" in the British House of Commons. The voting is done,

not by dividing, but each member puts a white or blue ticket into a box, which is then counted by tellers, the white being "Aye" and the blue "No." The cards are then counted by Secretaries, and the President announces the result. Before addressing the Chamber, a member must mount into the tribune, which is placed immediately below the President's box. On a lower level, a step or two from the ground and in front of the tribune, are seated the

members of the Chamber, whose duty it is to write as the President proceeds a précis of what is being said. A little behind them are the official shorthand writers, whose verbatim reports are communicated to members of the Press, who are seated in an upper gallery. The plan of the Chamber presents the appearance of seven concentric circles. One of these is, of course, the wall of the building, and between represent the members' benches, while two in the centre the galleries

devoted to strangers and others. The Liberal party sit on the right, the President's box he faces the Chamber, while the extreme Conservatives are on the left hand. The Ministers occupy the first and second rows of seats on either side of the President, while the centre is occupied by the men of Moderate views, who sit near the right or left, according to their party leanings, and are spoken of as the right centre and left centre.

# THE FRENCH HOUSE OF COMMONS: A SESSION OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN THE PALAIS BOURBON

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

## Our Portraits

HARDLY had the news been published of Sir Charles Nairne's appointment to succeed Sir Henry Brackenbury as President of the Ordnance Committee when the announcement is made that the gallant officer has died of pneumonia. Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Edward Nairne, K.C.B., was sixty-two years of age, and was the son of the late Captain Alexander Nairne, of the East India Company's service. He joined the Bengal Artillery in 1855. He served in the Indian Mutiny Campaign, in the second Eusofzai Expedition, 1863, in the Cabul Campaign, 1879, and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. For services in the last named he was created C.B., after being mentioned in despatches. From 1885 to 1894 Sir Charles held various staff appointments in India. In the latter year he became Lieutenant-General commanding the forces in Bombay. Last year, during Sir William Lockhart's absence, he acted as Commander-in-Chief in India.—Our portrait is by Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street.

Surgeon-General William Taylor, M.D., C.B., who left on Wednesday to take up his new appointment as Principal Medical Officer to Her Majesty's Forces in India, first joined the service in 1864, and served against the Fenians on the Canadian frontier. He was connected with the Royal Horse Artillery until the abolition of the regimental system. After serving in the Jowaki Campaign he was attached to the Staff under Lord Roberts's command, going through the Burmese Campaign of 1886 and 1887, his services being mentioned in despatches. In 1889 he was appointed Secretary to the Surgeon-General of the Forces in India, which position he held until his recall home in 1893 for duty at the War Office. The following year he was attached to the Japanese Army as Military-Medical Attaché, and was present at the capture of Port Arthur and the siege of Wei-Hai-Wei, receiving the Japanese war medal. In 1895 he received the appointment of P.M.O. of the Ashantee Expedition, on the termination of which he was accorded special promotion to the rank of Surgeon-Major-General. Last year he was sent out to the Soudan as P.M.O. of the Nile Expeditionary Force, and was present at the Battle of Khar-toum. For his brilliant services during this campaign he was awarded the honour of a C.B.

The death is announced of Sir Louis Addin Kershaw, Q.C., Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court of Judicature. Sir Louis Kershaw was the son of Mr. Matthew Kershaw, of Luddenden, near Halifax. He was born in 1845, and was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he took his degree with honours in law and history in 1868. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1872, and went on the North-Eastern Circuit, where he soon acquired an extensive practice, especially in arbitration and railway cases. In 1895 he was made a Q.C., and last year he was appointed Chief Justice for the North-West Province, when he received the honour of knighthood. Subsequently he was appointed Chief Justice of Bombay, and his death within a few months of his appointment to this important post has caused great regret.—Our portrait is by Barraud, Regent Street.

Sir R. Lambert Playfair, whose death was announced last week, was born in 1828, and was a son of the late Dr. George Playfair, and grandson of the Rev. J. Playfair, Royal Historiographer for Scotland. Sir Lambert Playfair spent fifty years in public service. He entered the Madras Artillery in 1846, and afterwards held several Consular appointments. He retired from the Army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1867, in which year he was appointed Consul-General for Algeria. In 1896 he retired from the Consular Service and went to live at St. Andrews. He was the author of several works on Arabia, East Africa, Tunis, and Algeria, and was the compiler of Murray's Handbooks to the Mediterranean, Algiers, and Tunis. Last month the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews. Two brothers had previously received this honour, namely, the late Lord Playfair and Dr. W. S. Playfair, of London. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1886.—Our portrait is by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

The appointment of the Rev. G. A. Lefroy to succeed Dr. Matthews as Bishop of Lahore is a recognition of long and faithful work in the missionary field of India. Mr. Lefroy was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree (First Class Theological Tripos) in 1878. He was ordained in 1879, and has since that year been engaged in the mission work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and of the Cambridge University Mission at Delhi, of which he was the head. He has been for fourteen years examining chaplain to the last two Bishops of Lahore, and has made

a special study of Mahomedan controversy in the bazaars of North India.—Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

We regret to announce the death, from smallpox, of Mr. F. S. Cobb, director of the British Post Office in Constantinople. Mr. Cobb had spent nearly all his life in the service of the Post Office, and was appointed Postmaster at Constantinople seven years ago. He will be greatly missed by the British residents, with whom he was held in high esteem for his conscientious performance of his official duties and his generous support of many philanthropic enterprises. Mr. Francis Stewart Cobb was a son of the late Mr. Charles Cobb, of Strood, Rochester, and was fifty-seven years of age. He was Chairman of the British Institute, a social club for British residents in the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Cobb took the greatest pains to deliver British newspapers to subscribers in Constantinople when the papers were forbidden entry by Turkish officials, and *The Graphic*, which has been on the black list, owes him a debt of gratitude for serving its subscribers so faithfully.—Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED will be ushered in by grand religious ceremonies in Rome, and the Pope is now arranging the programme. The celebration will begin on Christmas Day next, when His Holiness will go in State to the door of St. Peter's and knock thrice with a hammer. The door will then fly open, and the Pope will enter the church carrying a cross in his right hand and a candle in his left. The door will not be closed until New Year's Day.



THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR C. NAIRNE,  
K.C.B.



THE LATE SIR L. A. KERSHAW, Q.C.  
Chief Justice of Bombay



SURGEON-GENERAL W. TAYLOR, M.D.  
Newly Appointed P.M.O. in India



THE LATE SIR R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR,  
K.C.M.G.



THE REV G. A. LEFROY  
Appointed to be Bishop of Lahore



THE LATE MR. F. S. COBB  
Director of the British Post Office, Constantinople

## Malay States Trophy

A HANDSOME silver challenge shield has recently been subscribed for by the



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officers, native officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Malay States Guides, as a regimental musketry trophy. The centre panel, modelled in silver, depicts a firing party at the butts, whilst around the outer edge are ranged nineteen small silver shields destined to bear the names of winning teams. The regimental badge of the Malay States Guides surmounts the whole. The designing and modelling of the shield were entrusted to

## Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

TIME produces some curious situations. When the Duke of Sussex—uncle to the Queen—died in 1843, it could scarcely have been foreseen that many of the art treasures which he had collected during his lifetime would be sold at public auction more than half a century later. This is, however, precisely that which occurred on Friday last at Christy, Manson, and Wood's auction rooms in King Street, St. James's, and the sale attracted, not only those who devote much of their attention to art, but several members of the Royal Family, including the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Sussex in question married at Rome in April, 1793, and again in London in December of the same year, Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the fourth Lord Dunmore. In August, 1794, the Prerogative Court declared these marriages to be dissolved, as they were in violation of the Royal Marriage Act. Lady Augusta subsequently assumed by Royal licence the name of De Ameland, and died in 1806, leaving two children by His Royal Highness, to wit, Sir Augustus d'Este, who died unmarried in 1848, and Augusta Emma d'Este, who died so recently as 1866, having married the first Lord Truro. Her case excited general sympathy at the time when the marriages were dissolved.

The Duke re-married, his second wife being Cecilia Underwood, daughter of the second Lord Arran, and widow of Sir George Buggin, and she was created in 1840 Duchess of Inverness. At her death, in 1873, this title became extinct. The Duke and Duchess lived for many years at Kensington Palace, and many of the works of art which were sold on Friday came from there. During the last quarter of a century, of course, they have made their history in other surroundings. The prices realised at the sale were of no great importance, the highest sum being paid by the Messrs. Duveen for a pair of Louis XVI. openwork vases of ivory and ormolu. The workmanship of these was exquisite, and they fell at 1,680*l.* The vases did not form a part of the collection of the Duke of Sussex.

If this sale recalled some stormy passages in bygone history connected with the morganatic marriages of the Duke, the death of Mr. Henry Jones, better known to the public as "Cavendish," brings to mind an even more furious controversy—to wit, the savage encounters which were waged between the advocates of long whist and those of short whist towards the middle of the present century. There was a time when the "Longs" and the "Shorts" were respectively the Conservatives and the Radicals of the whist table, and the hatred and contempt felt by either party for the other was indescribably great.

The late Mr. Jones was not the reformer of whist. This distinction must be reserved for Mr. Baldwin, who was the first to suggest that the laws of the game should be codified. His suggestion was adopted in 1863 by the committee of the Arlington Club—which is now known as the Turf—and seven members

of the club were appointed to co-operate with him in the matter. Their task being concluded, the newly codified laws were transmitted to the Portland Club—the headquarters of the game in Great Britain—and another specially appointed committee revised the work. It was on Saturday, April 30, 1864—a most memorable day—that the Duke of Beaufort, as chairman of the Arlington Club, signed the following memorandum:—"That the laws of short whist, as framed by the Whist Committee, and edited by John Lane Baldwin, Esq., be adopted by this club." That document, so to speak, bestowed the franchise on short whist, and the "Shorts" overcame for ever their bitter antagonists the "Longs."

Gambling does not seem to be favoured so seriously in these days as it was formerly. Horace Walpole tells a story which may appropriately be quoted in connection with this. According to him a man fell in a fit opposite the bay window of White's Club, and odds were immediately offered and taken against his recovery. Some proposed to bleed the man, but this was strenuously opposed on the ground that it would be unfair and would disturb the bets.

The late Mr. Abraham Hayward is the authority for the following story, which purports to be of comparatively recent occurrence. He tells the story as it was told to him:—"One night, turning very faint, I struggled through the rubber, then got up and left the room, and fell on the landing with a crash that brought the other three players to my side. As I was recovering my senses, I heard one of my late adversaries say, 'He never can have played his hand through without a revoke, and I saw him steal away to see.' His partner followed, to aid in examining the trick, and mine to see fair play, leaving me stretched as I fell."



## A Chat With Dr. Garnett

THE retirement of Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., from the Keepership of the Printed Books in the British Museum, marks the official close of a long and useful public career. Dr. Garnett's connection with the British Museum began forty-eight years ago, when he was appointed Assistant in the Library. He rose by degrees until in 1875 he was appointed Superintendent of the Reading Room, and in 1890 he was made Keeper of the Printed Books, a position which enabled him to introduce many admirable innovations both in the Reading Room and in the Library. With the cessation of his official duties, Dr. Garnett has no intention, however, of retiring from active life, but looks forward to devoting more time to literary production than he has hitherto been able to do.

In the course of a short interview which he was kind enough to



DR. GARNETT, C.B., IN HIS ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

grant the other day to a member of *The Graphic* staff, Dr. Garnett touched on some of the incidents of his career. His recollections go back to the time of Panizzi, the designer of the present Reading Room, who recommended him for appointment to a vacancy on his staff out of regard for his father, the Rev. Richard Garnett, for many years Assistant-Keeper of the Printed Books. Of Panizzi, whom he called "the second founder of the Museum," Dr. Garnett spoke in most affectionate terms, dwelling on the kindness he had always experienced at the hands of the great man. The chief accessions to the Library in Dr. Garnett's time have been in the Early English and Early Spanish sections, several important collections containing rare books belonging to these classes having come to the hammer or been acquired by private contract of recent years. The most munificent bequest to the Museum in the same period has been the Tapling collection of postage stamps, valued at the time at 25,000*l.* but now said to be worth 50,000*l.* No such munificent donation had been made to the Library since that of the Grenville Library. The growth of the Library since Dr. Garnett commenced work has, of course, been immense, his impression being that in 1851, the number

of volumes was somewhat over 800,000, whereas the Library now contains some 2,000,000. The number of readers using the Library has grown in the same length of time from a daily average of 350 to over 600, though for the last three or four years their increase has been scarcely perceptible. On the subject of the unwarranted uses to which the Reading Room has been put occasionally, of which complaints have sometimes been heard, Dr. Garnett was unwilling to speak, declaring that the vast majority of readers come for very sound objects, and that an abuse of the liberty accorded to them is rare. The most tiresome people, he declared, are those who want to prove the authenticity of some picture. "But," he added with a smile, "on the other hand, it is astonishing with what slight evidence they satisfy themselves that they possess a genuine old master." Among his amusing experiences of the "strange" people who sometimes visit the Museum, Dr. Garnett told the story of a gentleman who had elaborated a theory that the temperature of the atmosphere inside a building ought to bear a fixed proportion to that of the air outside, apparently in the ratio of three to two. "For example," said his visitor, "the temperature yesterday was 40 deg. outside and 60 deg. inside—well and good; but to-day the outside air is 20 deg., and, therefore, here, it should be 30 deg." With characteristic good nature Dr. Garnett listened patiently to the argument, and then sent for the stoker, to whom he explained the matter with becoming gravity. The stoker's reply was emphatic:—"Well, sir, all I can say is if I was to make them readers any colder than they is now, I should have them up to boiling point." On another occasion a lady came to ask for a book on domestic cookery containing a plate illustrating the proper method of carving joints and poultry, saying she had been warned in a dream that if she came to the Museum she should find it, and find it she did, thanks to Dr. Garnett, departing more convinced than ever of the reliability of dreams.

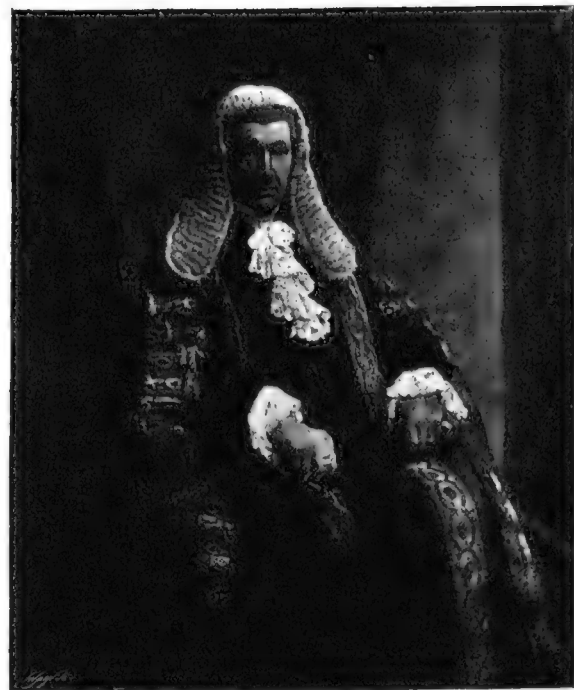
Dr. Garnett's name will always be associated with the printing off the Library catalogue, a colossal task which involved many years of labour, and which, it is hoped, will be completed this year. It was undertaken by Sir Edward Bond, then Principal Librarian, a beginning being made by printing the additions from 1880. The printing of the general catalogue was taken up in the following year, Dr. Garnett superintending its publication until he was made Keeper in 1890, since when it has been edited by Mr. A. Miller. Questioned as to the much-talked-of subject index, Dr. Garnett expressed the hope, though he would give no assurance, that it would be undertaken when the catalogue was finished. A subject index, due chiefly to the energy of Mr. G. R. Fortescue, Assistant-Keeper, has already been compiled from 1880 onwards, and this would form the nucleus of the greater work. Dr. Garnett modestly disclaimed the merit of having invented the "sliding" press, an ingenious yet simple contrivance by which the capacity of the Library has been well nigh trebled. It was adapted by Mr. Jenner at the suggestion of Dr. Garnett, from a somewhat similar device which Dr. Garnett had seen in use at the Bethnal Green Library. On the subject of the oft-expressed fear that the Library will in time exceed all bounds Dr. Garnett saw no cause for alarm. He regards the future cheerfully, and thinks that for very many years to come they will be able, thanks to the sliding press, to find accommodation for all new books published. With regard to the newspaper department, however, he admitted that the prospect was less reassuring, for in a few years all their vacant space will be filled, and it is not easy to see what can then be done without an addition to the building. But Dr. Garnett trusts most earnestly that there may be no interruption to the collection of newspapers. "For just think," he added on saying goodbye, "of what enormous historical importance the newspapers of to-day will be five hundred years hence."

Dr. Garnett will be a great loss to the Museum in more ways than one, for his kindly nature and ever ready sympathy have won him the love and esteem of all his colleagues. As one of the officials told our representative on leaving the Museum, "I can only

say he was my best and dearest friend, and we all know that we shall never see his like again."—Our portrait is from a photograph by James Hyatt, Great Russell Street.

## The Late Lord Justice Chitty

MUCH regret is felt at the death, after a few days' illness, of Lord Justice Chitty. On Friday last his Lordship was engaged in the Court of Appeal. On Saturday he felt unwell and took to his bed on Sunday. Lung trouble supervened, and on Wednesday afternoon his lordship died, the immediate cause of death being "heart failure." The Right Hon. Sir Joseph William Chitty came of a legal stock, being the second and only surviving son of the late Mr. Thomas Chitty of the Inner Temple. He was born in 1828, and was educated at Eton and Balliol, Oxford. He took his B.A. in 1851, taking a first class in Classics, became a Fellow of Exeter College in the following year, and in 1854 proceeded



THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH W. CHITTY  
Lord Justice of Appeal

to his M.A. At Oxford he was a noted oarsman, and three times rowed in the Oxford boat in the annual Inter-University boat race. His interest in rowing did not cease with his time at Oxford and for some years he acted as umpire in the race, and was a familiar figure at the dinner which it is customary to hold after the race. In 1856 Mr. Chitty was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and was appointed Q.C. in 1874. For some years he enjoyed an extensive practice at the Rolls Court, of which he became leading Counsel. In 1875 he was made a Bencher of his Inn, and became Treasurer in 1895. At the General Election of 1880 he was returned as one of the Liberal members for Oxford. In September of the following year he was appointed a judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in place of Sir George Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, who had been transferred to the Court of Appeal. Shortly afterwards, the new judge was knighted. After serving in the Chancery Division for sixteen years, Mr. Justice Chitty was, in 1897, made a Lord Justice of Appeal, and was sworn of the Privy Council. He married in 1858 Clara Jessie, sixth daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, first baronet.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE WRECKED TRAM LINE



ONE OF THE LARGE BREACHES IN THE SEA WALL

Unmistakable are the signs of the fury of the recent gales at Sandgate. The roadway between Seabrook and Sandgate which skirts the foreshore was for a time under water and impassable. The sea wall, which extends along the entire length of the road, again sustained extensive damage, there being now three large breaches in it.

The road has been sucked out by the action of the sea down to the level of the foreshore, exposing and breaking waterpipes and gas mains, while the tram road for the whole of this distance has been undermined and has entirely collapsed.—Our photographs are by Lambert Weston and Sons, Folkestone

AFTER THE GALE: THE DAMAGED SEA WALL AT SANDGATE.



THE BODY LYING IN STATE



THE PROCESSION FROM THE MIXED TRIBUNALS TO THE ARMENIAN CHURCH

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE NUBAR PASHA IN ALEXANDRIA  
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## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

SOME of the finest houses in London and the country are now presided over by girl hostesses scarcely out of the schoolroom. Mr. Astor's daughter dispenses his hospitality gracefully, Lord Rosebery's girls have brought the brilliance of youthful gaiety into his lonely home, and now Lady Amabel Mills, who made her *début* at her father's ball not long ago, has taken her place at the head of his table. The position must be a trying one for a very young girl, with no mother to assist and advise her, and with shyness and inexperience hampering her steps, yet the life knowledge acquired by such an one must be invaluable to her in after life, and possibly the breadth of view of a man's mind influences her girlish ideas to a remarkable extent. Almost all the most gifted women were trained by men, either their teachers or their fathers, and a few of these girl hostesses in London might go far to purify and refine general society.

I see the usual discussion anent the grating of the House of Commons Ladies' Gallery has taken place. The annoyance and discomfort caused by it to women are very real. The most earnest student of politics, the most admiring wife or sister, finds her energies flagging, her head aches, and her eyes smart after a prolonged station in the cage. Hearing and seeing are difficult, the strain on the attention intense, and the pleasure of listening to a fine debate considerably reduced. Yet we are such a conservative nation, that it is doubtful if ever the obstructions will be removed. Generations of hot, irritated, panting women will still continue to struggle to the front places (the only ones where the words of wisdom can be heard), to glue their foreheads against the cruel grating, to strain their eyes, and sit for hours in a noxious atmosphere and uncomfortable position in order to catch a few words of a speech. If this does not denote the fitness of women for political life, and the intense interest they take in it, I know not what better proof they could give.

To those who demand trams and auto-mobiles for our already crowded streets, I would commend the example of what has lately occurred at Cannes. An enterprising body of speculators started an electric tram service to run through Cannes and Nice and right up to Mentone. Part of the line was finished, and the trams ran through the narrow streets of Cannes. The result was that dire accidents occurred every day. People were run over, cyclists upset, horses fell down, but the fiends of auto-mobiles and trams rejoiced. Presently the Grand Duke Michael of Russia (not every town, unfortunately, possesses a Grand Duke), seeing the misery of the sojourners at Cannes, who came for pleasure and to enjoy walking and riding, and were driven nearly mad by horns, whistles, bells, and the various devices of the enemy, appealed to M. Dupuy, the French Minister of the Interior, who promptly (out of deference to Russia, let us presume) abolished the nuisance. Since then passengers may cross the streets with impunity, cyclists ply freely, and horses have ceased to fall down on the high-roads. Where shall we find a Grand Duke to help London when our day comes?

Steam-engines and carriages have already added a new terror to life and given us a taste of the Inferno.

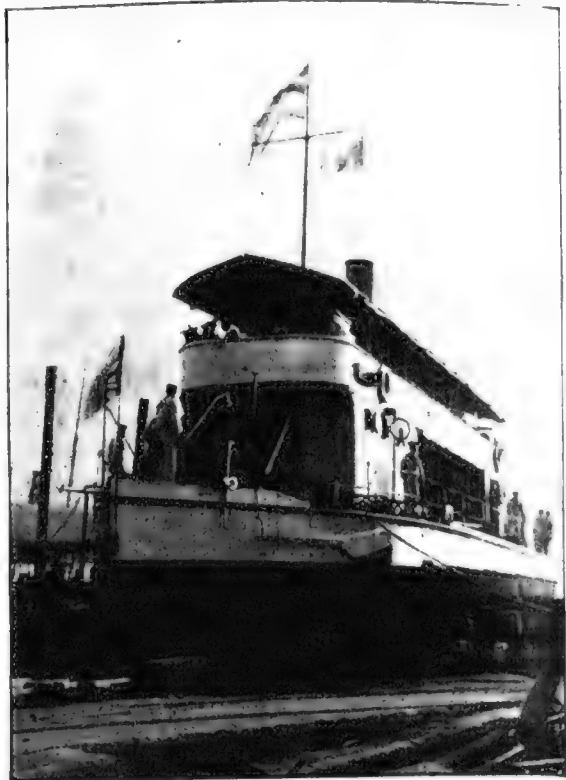
The love letters of Mr. Browning and his wife, just published, are indeed a precious possession. Love reigns all the world over, but its expression is usually meagre and unsatisfactory. Love letters confine themselves in this prosaic century to the mild effusions read aloud in breach of promise cases for the amusement of the judge and jury. But when two great poets meet and love, their letters become a revelation. First, one is struck by the womanliness and unselfishness of Mrs. Browning, then by the humility of both. Both exalt the other and diminish themselves. True love is always humble. Marriage to them meant the fruition of all that was good and beautiful. "If marriage did not exist," says Browning, "we must have invented it." Marriage, to the majority of us, so ordinary, so commonplace, to these ideal souls represented the perfect state. Genius did not incapacitate them for affection, nor for the joys of intimacy. When Browning calls her "My first, my last, my only love," the words were a reality, a cry of the heart. Such an absolute union of the soul is rarely seen, yet it proves conclusively that genius is not necessarily degeneracy, or abnormal in caprice and ill-regulated courses as is often taken for granted. The feminine beauty and supreme tenderness of Mrs. Browning's character shines out radiantly in these unique and beautiful love letters.

The Queen of Naples' pearls, which are entirely her own and not Court jewels, are remarkably fine, and she is deservedly proud of them; but it seems that at the last Court ball in Rome an American lady, Mrs. Potter Palmer (the Queen of Chicago as she is called), wore pearls that surpassed even those of the Queen. The very finest pearls are to be seen in Russian society, and the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia owned several rows of magnificent pearls which fell to her waist, then garnished her bodice and trimmed her skirt. The ropes of pearls we talk familiarly about nowadays are poor little things compared to these. It is strange that women, usually so superstitious, will yet wear pearls, which mean tears, and are supposed to be unlucky.

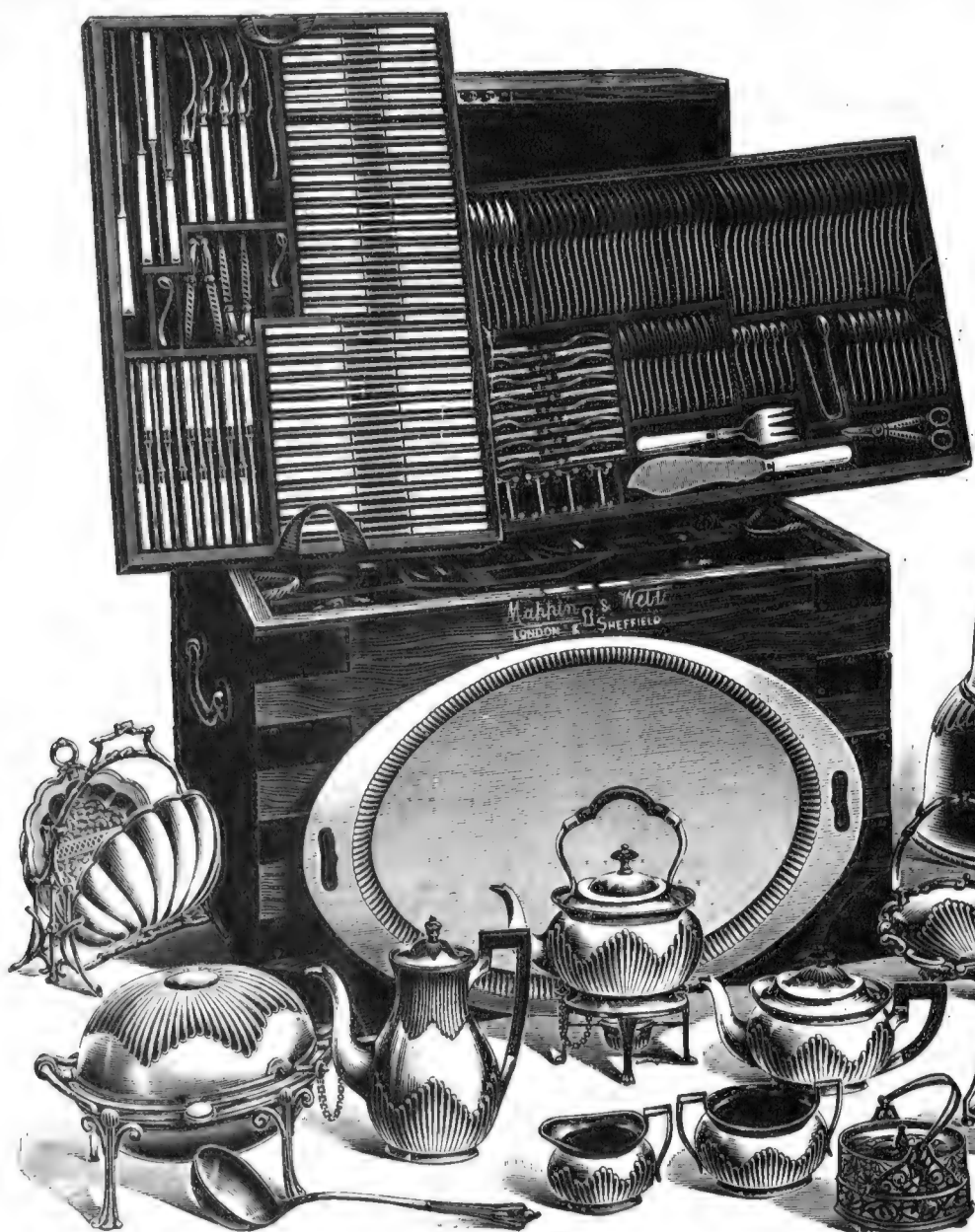
Parnell, with all his terrible power and independence of spirit, betrayed his Irish nature by his abundance of superstition. He could not bear green, we are told, his native country's colour, and threw everything away that bore a trace of the hated hue. Green is the colour of fairies, hence its ill-luck to the mortal wearing it. It is supposed to be specially unlucky for the clan Graham, whose ancestor was killed in battle while wearing green. Nevertheless, it is one of the most beautiful and artistic of colours, and may well divide our affections with violet, classed by Mendelssohn as the supreme colour of music. Green is said to denote melancholy, and it is asserted that a room hung with green disposes to low spirits. Green, except in some of its cruder forms, is not a favourite of uneducated people, and it would appear as though it required a cultured mind fully to appreciate it. An author has said "mistrust the woman who loves violet and wears pink after she is thirty," both of which axioms are essentially false. Violet or purple, the colour of the Cardinals' robes, amply satisfies the artistic taste, and an old lady with white hair looks charming in a cap trimmed with pale pink ribbons, for pink restores a faded complexion and gives to it the roses of youth.

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Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne, and a large party of naval officers and others. The *Sandpiper* is one of four steamers that have been lately sent out for the protection of British trade in the West and Yang-tse-Kiang Rivers. The little craft is 100 feet long and 20 feet broad, and mounts ten 6-pounder Hotchkiss quick-firing guns and four Maxims. The screws work in two circular tunnels aft to enable them to get sufficient hold of the water and to protect them from damage should the ship take the ground. In the event of her so doing, she is provided with two derricks with mushroom heels and winches powerful enough to lift her bows. Lieutenant and Commander Carr is very proud of his little ship.



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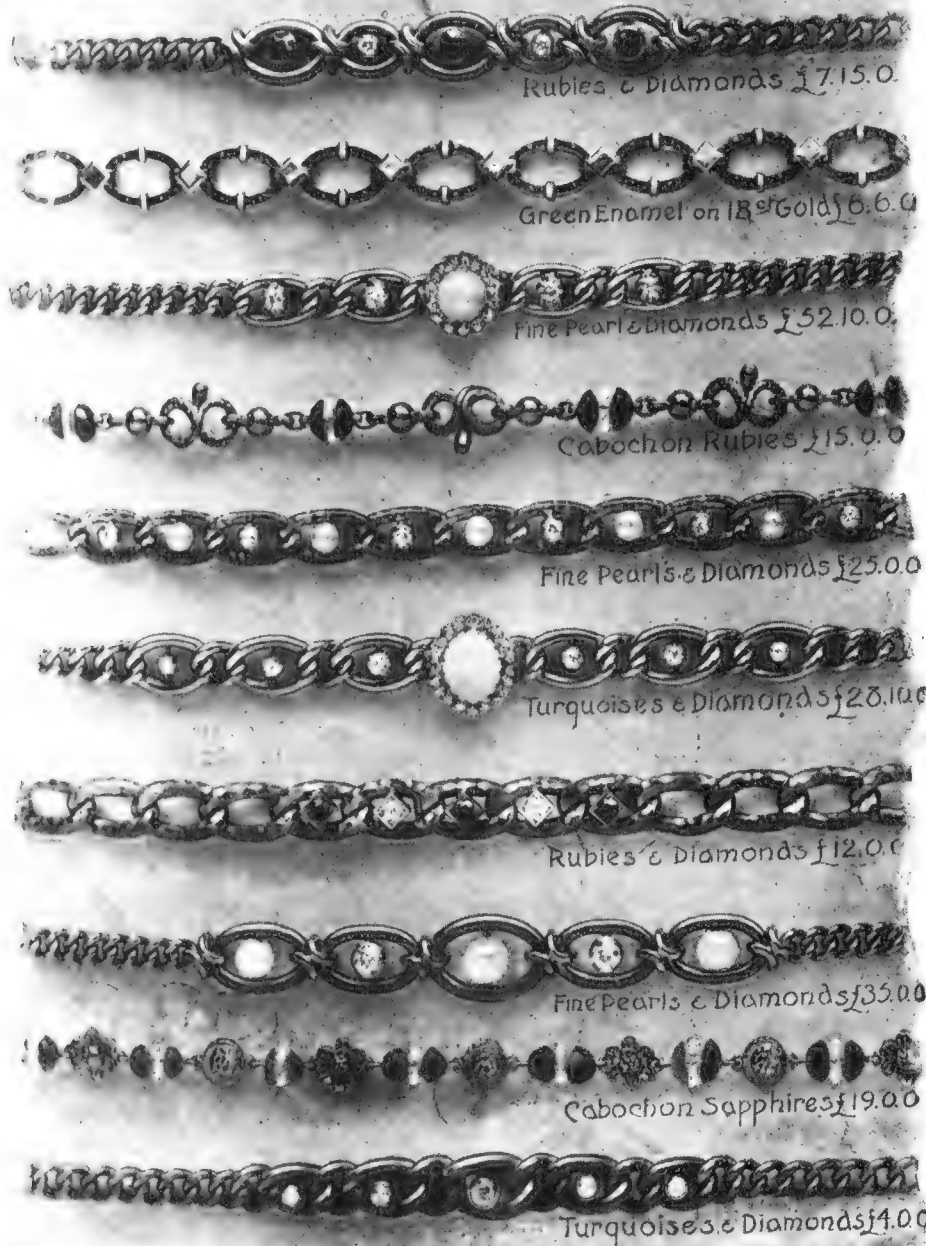
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swallows it up; and, for once, few people are likely to complain that there is too much fact and too little invention. Even that queer compound of savagery and sentiment, dare-devilry and poltroonery, and ever so many more seemingly incompatible impulses known as "The Mouse," is less an invention than the portrait of a type exceedingly apt to come to the front in revolutions—especially Parisian revolutions. The scenes, beginning with the news of Sedan, are all the more picturesque and powerful for their freedom from fine writing or any other kind of exaggeration. In short, the book is distinctly to be recommended as much more than ordinarily worth reading.

"THE CARDINAL'S PAGE"

"Why such earnest?" "Why such troubled angst?" are casual examples of the "Periodesque" jargon in which Mr. James Baker has chosen to write his capital fighting story of "The Cardinal's Page" (Chapman and Hall). The period in this case is that of the attempted crusade under Cardinal Beaufort against the Hussites in Bohemia—a subject which, it need not be said, the author of "The Gleaming Dawn," and "A Forgotten Great Englishman," knows through and through. His principal incident is the destruction of the Castle of Burgstein, the stronghold of the Robber Baron, Mickisch Panzer, as exciting an incident as anybody can require. "The Cardinal's Page" has little of the historical value of its predecessors; but it is nearly as good as the best of them in its pictures of cruelty and ferocity such as have become scarcely thinkable, yet once upon a time were true. The episode of the "Hunger-Tower," of Burgstein is hardly to be recommended as a prescription for delicate nerves.

"CURIOS"

Mr. Richard Marsh appears to have but scant respect for the race of collectors. To judge from the certainly remarkable adventures of Mr. Pugh, Mr. Tress and their friends (or enemies) who form the *dramatis personæ* of "Curios" (John Long), the collector is a person who spends his life in trying to do others, with the only result of being himself egregiously done. The "Curios" with which Mr. Pugh and Mr. Tress are concerned are seven—an Oriental pipe, a photograph, a boule cabinet, an Ikon or holy picture, a puzzle box, a Great Auk's egg, and a dead hand, to each of which is hung an adventure more wildly and grotesquely weird. They certainly display an amount of imagination calculated to make Mr. Marsh's rival story-tellers as jealous of him as Mr. Pugh of Mr. Tress and Mr. Tress of Mr. Pugh. One only—and that by no means the best—enters into the region of the supernatural. It is when he is most Poe-like, that is to say when forcing the accountable to beat the unaccountable in point of uncanniness, and getting more grimness out of a joke than out of a tragedy, that the author is most successful.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRLS"

The young people whose skittishness has suggested the title of Florence Warden's new story (F. V. White and Co.) are four in number—May, Mildred, Dinah and Elaine. After extensive experiences of "being engaged," Dinah marries an amiable and successful actor; May, the flighty one *par excellence*, marries a grocer's assistant; Mildred marries a commonplace elderly gentleman; and Elaine, having also married somebody of no particular interest, dies of consumption. By the time all this happens, the reader with no better than a normal appetite for flirtations and weddings for their own simple sakes, will be in danger of a surfeit of them. We must



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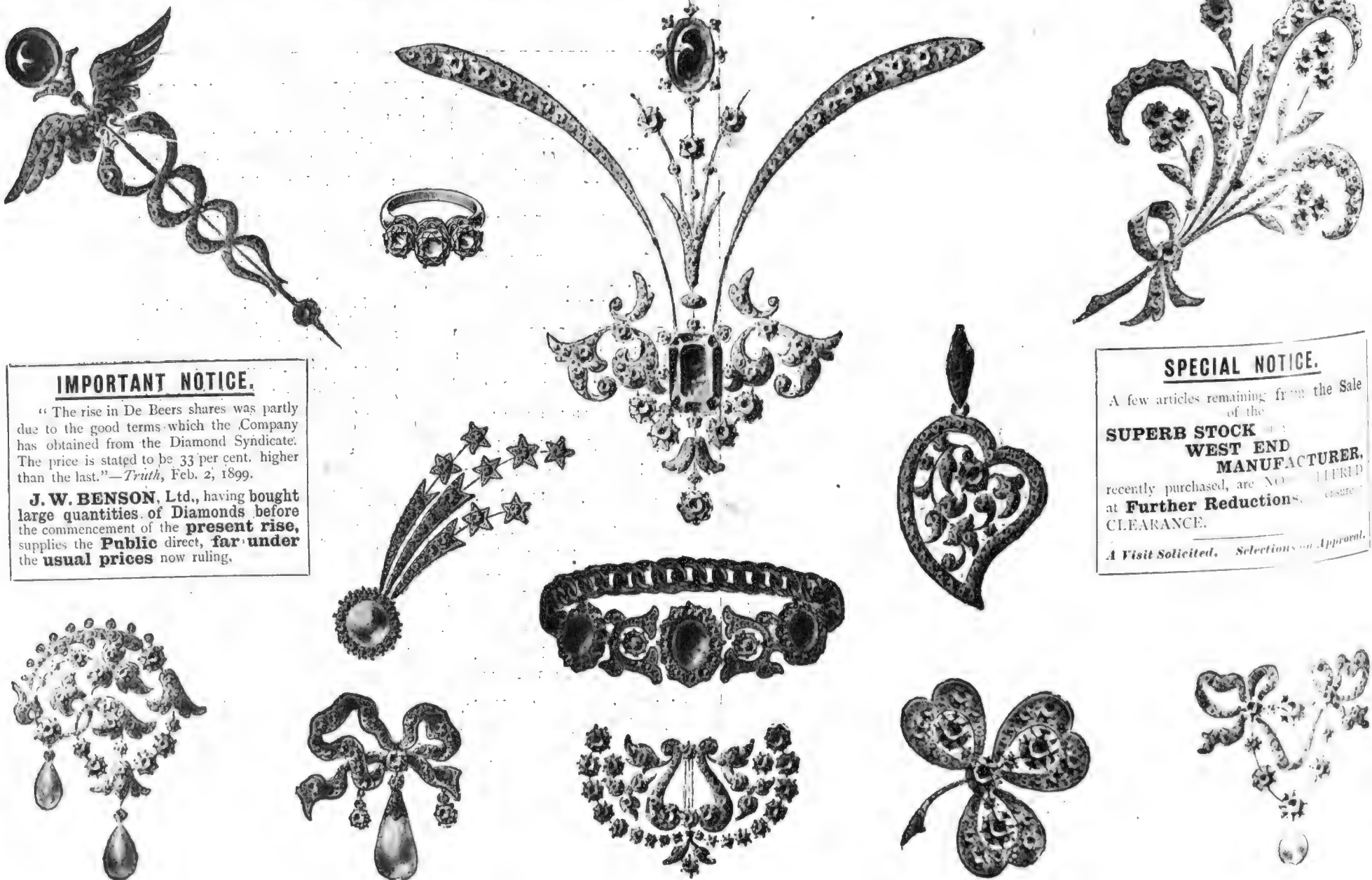
own to having read the novel with a continuous desire that Elaine would murder Mildred, and Mildred Dinah, and Dinah May—or any other way round. We should then have enjoyed the sort of plot that Miss Warden knows how to handle.

THE Rev. Archibald Constable writes to correct the statement, made in our issue of the 4th inst., that his brothers were the grand-nephews of Sir Walter Scott.

CAPTAIN THURSBY DAUNCEY, whose portrait was published in our issue of January 28, should have been described as the only cavalry officer who took part both in the battle of Kassassin and in that of Omdurman. Captain Dauncey has the distinction of having risen from the ranks. He enlisted in 1879, and gained his commission in 1884.

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Early on Saturday morning a terrible collision occurred at Forest, near Brussels, during a thick fog. A train from Mons ran at full speed into the Forest Station and collided with a local train from Tournai standing at the platform. The engine of the express reared up and literally leaped upon the roof of the rear-most carriages of the Tournai train, which were packed with third-class passengers, crumbling up the carriages and killing most of the inmates. In all the number of persons killed outright was twenty-one, while about one hundred were injured, seven of them mortally. Our illustration is from a photograph by L. Moreel, Brussels.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR BRUSSELS: THE WRECK OF THE EXPRESS ENGINE

Music of the Week

OPERATIC NOTES AND NEWS

Two new operatic schemes have been put forward this week, one of them, it is true, only tentatively, while the other, namely a series of performances of Wagnerian operas under the direction of Mr. Schulz-Curtius at the Lyceum next year, is already a fixture. Mr. Curtius some months ago issued an application to the Wagner party in this country, suggesting a subscription for the building of a special opera house for the performance of the Meister's works, or in other words a sort of British Bayreuth. Various sites were suggested for this new theatre, which, however, is still "of the

future." Mr. Schulz-Curtius has, therefore, now secured the Lyceum, under the new management, for at least a month of the period between the withdrawal of Mr. Ben Greet's proposed Christmas pantomime and the return of Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum company from their tour in the United States in the spring of 1900. The date is so far ahead that details, of course, have not yet been settled, but it is understood that Herr Mottl and various members of the troupe of the Grand Ducal Opera House from Carlsruhe will take part. Besides the leading German operas the Carlsruhe repertory now includes a large number of Berlioz' and other French works, such as Chabrier's *Gwendoline*, Hollemacher's *Le Drac*, Servais' *Appollonide*, and Chausson's *Le Roi Arthur*. The other scheme is a proposed visit from the company of

La Scala, Milan, to Drury Lane for at least a six weeks' season in the height of next summer. At present the enterprise is not decided upon, but a certain deposit has been made, and the Scala Company—in which, it is understood, Messrs. Ricordi are, to a certain extent, interested, and in which also Verdi himself has invested some money—have the option till February 28 of deciding for a visit here or not. The chief difficulty which lies in the way is one of repertory, for Covent Garden claims to have the monopoly of the whole of the advanced Wagner operas and of various other popular compositions. The Scala Company would, therefore, have to rely mainly upon novelty, and there is a talk of producing Mascagni's *Iris*, Giordano's *Fedora*, and similar works. The constitution of the company also presents some difficulties, although it is hinted that Tamagno and Masini might possibly be members of the troupe, while Madame Pandolfini, the original Desdemona in Verdi's *Otello*, Madame Darclee, and Signor de Lucia are on the company. At any rate, opera in Italian, and sung as far as possible by Italian artists, would be the chief attraction.

The arrangements for the Covent Garden season are still in active progress. The last Fancy Dress Ball but one of the winter season takes place this week, and the theatre will then be put into the hands of the workmen for redecoration and the installation of the electric light. It is said that on the stage alone there will be nearly four thousand lamps. The complete reorganisation of the stage arrangements can, however, not take place till after the coming season.

Dr. Osmond Carr is again Director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Dr. Carr has already placed in rehearsal, as an addition to his provincial repertory, Wagner's *Siegfried* in English, and it will be produced in the course of the present season with Mr. Hamish McCunn as conductor. Mr. Homer Linde, during the tour, act as Musical Stage Director.

Two of the provincial touring companies are in London this week; Mr. Turner's company being at the Standard, and Mr. Rousbey's at the Metropole. Mr. Turner has relied for the most part upon well-known works, such as *Faust*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Maritana*, with the addition of *The Song of Castile*, while this week he also announces *The Daughter of the Regiment* and *Lucia*. The Rousbey Opera Company give *Trovatore*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, *Faust*, *Traviata*, and *Tannhauser* in the course of the present week.

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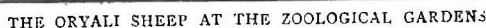
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All Chocolates, Cocoas, and Bonbons bearing the name of Suchard are of the highest quality only.



THE pretty Oryali sheep, which has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens, is quite a young specimen, being only seven months old. The adult ram of this species attains an enormous size, with a



magnificent pair of horns. In colour the Oryali sheep is a light shade of brown, becoming whitish under the body; on the rump there is a large white patch, the legs also being very light. It is the first specimen which has arrived in this country alive. The Oryali sheep inhabits the plateaus of Central Asia, generally at a great elevation from the sea.

## THE SEASON

THAT hardy Northerners like a "genuine winter" is not surprising, but we were somewhat taken aback during a recent visit to Cornwall to find that the warm South-West, which makes a good sum, too, out of early flowers and the like, has the same feeling, and looks upon "a February spring" as more harm than good. All the French, Spanish, and Portuguese sayings approve a wet February, but not a cold one; in England the ordinary adage says that the month is a wet one, without imputing praise or blame. But the fact is not so; February has a smaller average

rainfall than January and April, and than all the months from June to the end of the year. The preference for cold weather in February is not confined to mere generalities, for in Yorkshire it is always said that "the north wind in February makes the year fertile." Mr. Inwards quotes a proverb that rain from the 10th to the 28th is very unlucky, but it is odd that this most conscientious writer omits all authority for this odd statement. Among thousands of careful references this is missing. In Sweden the "nights of steel," that is of the severest frost, come in February; they vary locally, we believe, but at Stockholm are "the last week of the shortest month." Cold weather, if it set in in England "on the feast of St. Peter," was said to last three weeks, but this is a pre-Reformation observance, and the real date, therefore, is not February 22, the old feast of St. Peter, but the 4th of our March.

AMERICAN FLOUR

During the seven days ended February 18 there were landed at the port of London 170,000 sacks of American flour, a supply completely swamping 25,000 sacks of English, 3,000 sacks of French, and 2,500 sacks from Hungary. The seriousness of this state of affairs requires little emphasizing, yet to tell the plain truth, matters are even worse than the casual looker-on supposes. The average Englishman puts it down to the enterprise of "those Yankees," and he concludes that "if they don't find it pay they will drop it." Were the imports an American speculation the situation would not be very grave, but it is not so. The flour has been bought by English millers and bakers and is simply delivered in fulfilment of contract. American millers send weekly prices by cable, but they do not ship any flour until it is sold. These colossal imports, therefore, argue that American flour is pushing English, French, and even Hungarian off the market, though the latter retains some at least of the old demand for confectionery purposes. American patent flour, coming with the cachet of such first-rate firms as Pillsbury's, Washburn's, and Morrison's, is offered at 24s. per sack, the same price as London Town Household is quoted at. Now we cannot possibly say that the London flour is worth so much as the American patent make. The country flour at 23s. is better value, but this is lacking in strength and gains greatly by mixture with the American patent flour.

## THE LAMBINGS

- Better reports are to hand. The first start of all, in December, was favourable, but things took an ill turn—nobody seems to know quite why—and for six weeks there have been reports of heavy losses. Once more, however, things seem righting themselves. Mr. Kidner, of Bridgewater, is able to report that his lambing season bids fair to be a record one, and Mr. Sibley, of St. Albans, has only lost one ewe out of a considerable flock. Mr. Fowler, of Andover, who reports 145 lambs from 124 lambing ewes, cannot be said to have done badly. All these flocks are of Hampshires. The Horned Dorsets have dropped a very good percentage of lambs, but are rather badly out of condition. A few Suffolks have begun to lamb decidedly earlier than usual. But results, thus far, have been satisfactory.

THE presentation casket given to Alderman James Wood, L.D., J.P., with the freedom of the Borough of Southport, is of silver gilt designed in the Italian style. The arms of Alderman Wood are arranged in the centre, and round the box are six enamel painted views of Southport. The lid has upon it an elaborate scroll and arabesque work, with sporting dolphins, alluding to the maritime nature of the town.



places, bearing the arms of Southport enamelled on the obverse and engraved on the reverse. One interesting feature of the lid is that the inscription occurs in pierced upright letters against a deep cavetto moulding, giving it a most distinctive effect. The lid is further decorated on the lower slope by a number of sea-forges and ancient galleys alternating, which are carried upon antique wave scrolls. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, Regent Street, W.

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**New Moonstone interchangeable Brooch, and Diamond Hangle and £3 3s.**



**All Brilliants.**



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A black and white illustration of a woman in a long, light-colored dress sitting on a large, ornate, tufted sofa. The sofa is positioned in a room with a high, arched ceiling. The ceiling is decorated with various objects, including vases, busts, and other decorative items. The walls are also decorated with intricate patterns. The floor is covered with a patterned rug. The woman is looking towards the right side of the frame. The illustration is signed 'W. H. H. 1891' in the bottom right corner.

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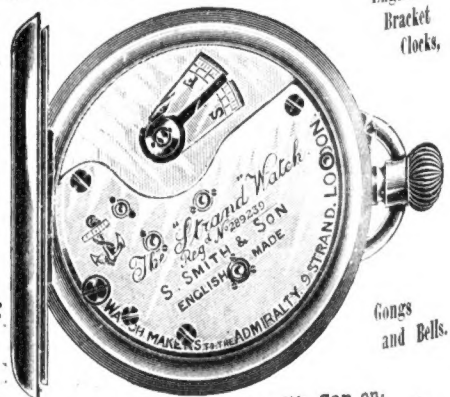
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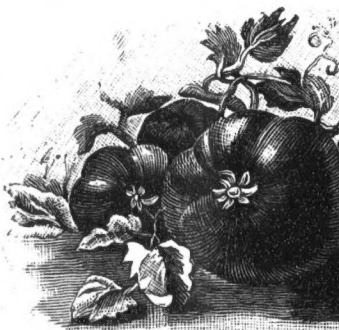
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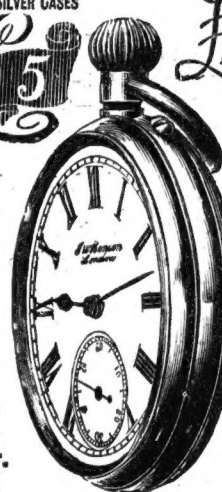
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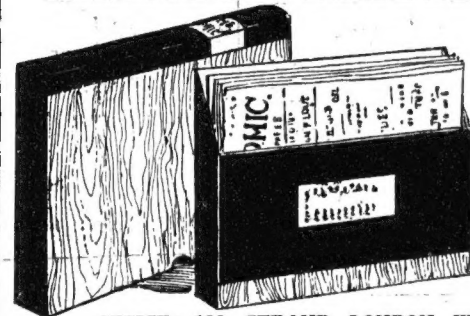
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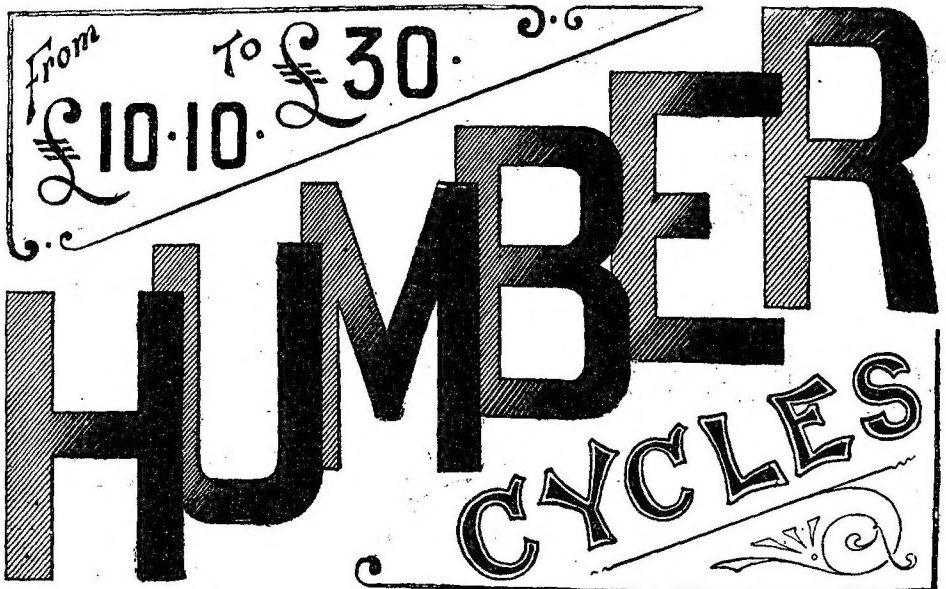


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# The Queen at Windsor

WINDSOR has been full of visitors since the Queen's return. The Prince of Wales was among the first, coming one day to lunch, while Princess Louise and Lord Lorne followed to take leave of Her Majesty on their departure for the Riviera. The Duke and Duchess of York spent Saturday to Monday with the Queen, and took advantage of being at Windsor to visit the grave of the Duchess of Teck in St. George's Chapel, laying wreaths on the coffin. Sunday also brought Prince Arthur of Connaught over from Eton to lunch, the Prince coming again on Tuesday, when the Duke and Duchess of York's three children arrived for a few days' stay. Princess Louis of Battenberg and her family have left for Darmstadt. Besides the Royal Family, Lord Salisbury was the chief official guest, dining and sleeping at the Castle, while there has been quite a gathering of Bishops—the new Bishop of Bangor to do homage on

his appointment, the Bishop of Winchester to witness the ceremony, and the Bishop of London to preach before Her Majesty on Sunday.

With her usual ready sympathy, the Queen was the first Sovereign to send a message of condolence to the family of the late President Faure. Not content with the official regrets expressed through the British Embassy in Paris and to the French Ambassador in London, Her Majesty despatched a touching autograph letter to the President's widow in her sorrow, and a beautiful wreath bearing on its white silk ribbons the words in gold, "Témoignage d'estime bien sincère de la part de Victoria, R. I." The Queen and M. Faure had met twice, the first time being when Her Majesty was on her way south, and the President greeted her at one of the Paris suburban stations, and the other occasion during last spring—M. Faure coming to Cimiez on purpose during Her Majesty's stay. The Prince of Wales and M. Faure were on very friendly terms, meeting

frequently during the Prince's visits to Paris, so that the Prince telegraphed direct to M<sup>me</sup>. Faure. Both the Queen and the Prince were directly represented at the funeral, as well as at the Memorial Service in London.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have their youngest daughter, Princess Charles of Denmark, and her husband with them once more. There has been a fairly large family party at Sandringham, the Prince of Wales coming down from Saturday to Monday in the midst of his London engagements. While the Prince of Wales is in town, the Princess and her daughters, with Prince Charles, drive, and walk about the Royal estates, visiting their neighbours and their pets, and thoroughly enjoying the quiet and freedom from official duties. Plenty of such duties were awaiting the Prince of Wales in town, as next week he will be leaving for the Riviera. He was at the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday to present the Champion and Challenge Cups at the Shire Horse Show.

After Polo, Cycling, Golf, Tennis, riding, or athletics, a bath with CUTICURA SOAP, hot or cold, is most soothing, cooling, and refreshing, preventing chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothing irritation, and when followed by a gentle anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure, proves most beneficial in relieving tired, lamed, strained muscles.



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